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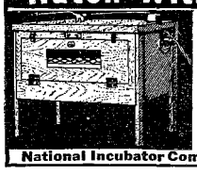

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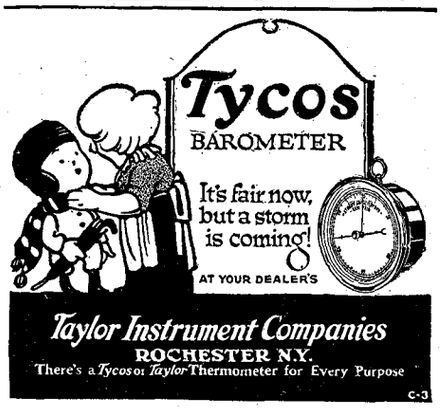

What Is Nerve Force?

By Paul Von Boeckmann

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nerve Culture

NERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force. It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. It is Life; for if we knew what nerve force were, we should know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he would jump over mountains and push down sky-scrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

It is a well-balanced combination of Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force that has made Thomas Edison, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says, "It is my belief that the greatest factor in the maintenance of health is the nerves be in order."

Unfortunately few people know that they waste their nerve force, or will admit that it has been more or less exhausted. So long as their hands and knees do not tremble, they cling to the belief that their nerves are strong and sound, which is a dangerous assumption.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backaches; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry, melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neurasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholy and do not care to live.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Culturist, who for 25 years has been the leading authority in America on Breathing, Nerve Culture and Psycho-physics, has written a remarkable book on the Nerves, which teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost of the book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in elegant cloth and gold cover, 50 cents. Address, Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 334, World's Tower Bldg., 110 West 40th St., New York City. You should order the book today. It will be a revelation to you and will teach you important facts that will give you greater Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force. If you do not agree that this book teaches you the most important lesson on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever read, your money will be refunded by return mail, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred.

The author of Nerve Force has advertised his various books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years, which is ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity. The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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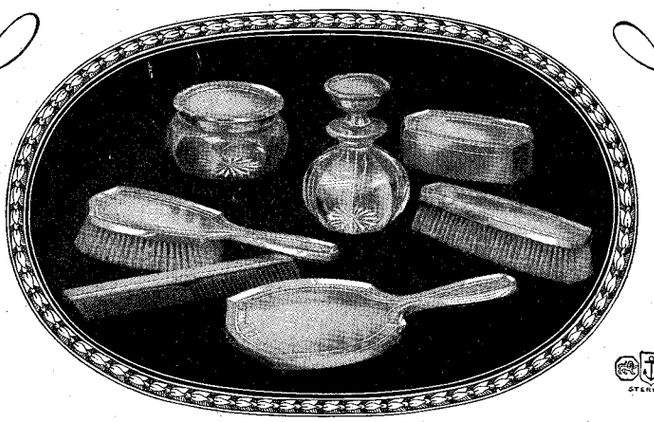

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The Outlook

FEBRUARY 18, 1920

Leonard Wood in next week's issue will give his views on the Labor Problem.

They will appear in an authorized interview secured by Evan J. David for The Outlook.

THE WEEK

THE STATUS OF THE TREATY

To record all the changes of the barometer in the atmosphere surrounding the Treaty during the weeks that have intervened since the Lodge Reservations were adopted, but the Treaty with them was rejected, has not seemed to us worth doing. With the clearing of the atmosphere by a bolt in the form of Viscount Grey's letter, which we reported last week, the barometric pressure has become temporarily much less fluctuating. Now the hand points to the place on the scale where it reads, in the words attributed to Senator Hitchcock, "Hopeful, but not sanguine."

Rumors that the President resented Lord Grey's letter, regarding it as a thinly disguised appeal over his head, have been generally accepted as credible, as they were based on statements by officials of the Government, and upon the authorization given to newspaper correspondents to quote the President as saying that the British Government had not consulted him about the Lord Grey letter, and that the first notice of the letter reached the President after it had been cabled to American newspapers.

Special significance, therefore, is given to the President's letter which quickly followed this incident. It was addressed to Senator Hitchcock and published in the papers on Sunday, February 8. In that letter the President said that "any reservation or resolution stating that 'the United States assumes no obligation under such and such an article unless or except' would, I am sure, chill our relationship with the nations with which we expect to be associated in the great enterprise of maintaining the world's peace." He accepts the reservations proposed by Senator Hitchcock. These are five—pertaining to the right of withdrawal from the League, to the exclusion of domestic questions from the operation of the League, to the Monroe Doctrine, to Article X (stipulating that each nation is free to reject or accept the advice mentioned in that Article), and to the limitation on the vote of self-governing colonies and domains. The President says he has not "the slightest reason to doubt the good faith of our associates in the war;" recommends that any resolution of withdrawal from the League be joint rather than concurrent, so that it will be subject to the President's decision; and sees no objection to stating frankly that any mandate by the United States can be accepted only by authority of Congress.

It is evident by the comments on the President's letter that he has failed to make his position clear to the country. Some interpret it as a reiteration of the views expressed in his Jackson Day letter. Others say that it is a distinct notice that his present views are by no means so uncompromising.

As a matter of fact, however, there is a widespread feeling that the President, for the present, is not in the dominating position in which he was. The public now is not so much interested in what the President thinks as in what the Senate will do.

For several months the President has used England and France, or rather the attitude of England and France toward reservations or amendments of the Treaty, as a club over the heads of the Senate. Now Lord Grey, whether consciously or not, has transferred this club from the hands of the President to the hands of the Senate.

We hope that the Senate will adopt any reservations that will command a two-thirds vote, incorporate those reservations in the resolution of ratification, and then pass the resolution with the Treaty, and leave to the President the responsibility which belongs to him of deciding whether with that resolution incorporated he will ratify the Treaty or not.

THE DANIELS-SIMS CONTROVERSY

When Admiral Sims testified before the Senate Committee, he gave an itemized list of specific shortcomings in naval organization. The character of this list, and its manner of presentation, lifted Admiral Sims's criticisms of the Navy Department very far above the level of personal bickering.

It is to be regretted that Secretary Daniels in his reply to Admiral Sims before the same Committee has permitted himself to indulge in a personal attack upon Admiral Sims which detracts greatly from the effectiveness of his own defense. Secretary Daniels in his testimony made such statements, for instance, as the following:

> The position of Rear-Admiral Sims in placing shore duty above sea duty in the danger zone is, no doubt, influenced by his own record. During the last

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SECRETARY DANIELS TESTIFYING BEFORE THE SENATE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

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twenty-five years he has served about sixteen years on shore duty and about nine years on sea duty.

Not only is such a remark as this entirely outside the question at issue, but it is one of those half-truths which are sometimes more misleading than statements which are wholly false. As the "Army and Navy Journal" points out:

> The official Navy Register for January 1, 1917, which is the last register which specifies the "total sea service and other duty" of officers in all grades since they entered the service, gives the total sea service of Rear-Admiral Sims on the above date as twenty-two years and nine months, and for shore or other duty he was credited with fifteen years and ten months. Of the thirty rear-admirals on the list, the Navy Register shows that all but one performed more duty ashore than Rear-Admiral Sims.

Secretary Daniels has criticised Admiral Sims because the latter proposed certain honors for the members of his staff. Secretary Daniels holds the view that an Admiral in command should give the greatest credit to his individual captains and not to the members of his staff who plan the campaign which makes the work of the captains possible. The Secretary quotes with approval Nelson's remark, "I owe all to my captains," which was an excellent remark, we may observe—in the time of Nelson. Certain developments have taken place in naval warfare since the time of Nelson which the Secretary seems to have overlooked.

Secretary Daniels seems also to have overlooked another axiom of naval conduct which is as good now as it was in the time of Nelson himself. He has chosen to reward those captains who lost their ships in submarine attacks, regardless of whether these captains succeeded in injuring the enemy or not. This was one of the points on which Admiral Sims differed radically from the policy of the Secretary. The Knight Board, charged with considering the recommendations for naval awards, is in fundamental agreement with Admiral Sims on this point, and in the report of this Board read to the Senate Committee the issue is so clearly put that we venture one further quotation:

> The Board is unable to accept the view that mere contact with the enemy constitutes in itself a claim to recognition even when followed by meritorious service, unless such service is in some measure connected with operations, offensive or defensive, directed against the enemy. It is not, as stated by the Secretary, "those who have felt the blow of the enemy," but those whose blows the enemy has felt, who should be honored by awards.

To such a sentiment we, too, think we can hear the ghostly echoes of Nelson's applause. The Secretary ought not to have a monopoly on the privilege of summoning up the dead to witness to the justice of his course.

MR. HOOVER'S DECLARATION OF POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE

HAVING been proposed informally by a good many private citizens as a candidate for the Presidency, and having received from the New York "World," a stanch Democratic newspaper, the assurance that he would have its support if he were nominated as a Democrat, a Republican, or an Independent, Herbert Hoover made a statement, published on Monday of last week, regarding his attitude on the subject. It is so clear and so well expressed that we give it in full:

"In order to answer a large number of questions all at once, let me emphasize that I have taken a day off from the Industrial Conference in Washington to come to New York solely to attend to pressing matters in connection with the children's relief. I want to say again: I have not sought and am not seeking the Presidency. I am not a candidate. I have no organization. No one is authorized to speak for me politically.

"As an American citizen by birth and of long ancestry, I am naturally deeply interested in the present critical situation. My sincere and only political desire is that one or both of the great political parties will approach the vital issues which have grown out of the war and are new with a clear purpose looking to the welfare of our people, and that candidates capable of carrying out this work should be nominated.

"If the Treaty goes over to the Presidential election (with any reservations necessary to clarify the world's mind that there can be no infringement of the safeguards provided by our Constitution and our Nation-old traditions), then I must vote for the party that stands for the League. With it there is hope not only of the prevention of war, but also that we can safely economize in military policies. There is hope of earlier return of confidence and the economic reconstruction of the world. I could not vote with a party if it were dominated by groups who seek to set aside our Constitutional guarantees for free speech or free representation, who hope to re-establish control of the Government for profit and privilege.

"I could not vote with a party if it were dominated by groups who hope for any form of Socialism, whether it be nationalization of industry or other destruction of individual initiative.

"Both these extremes, camouflaged or open, are active enough in the country to-day. Neither of these dominations would enable those constructive economic policies that will get us down from the unsound economic practices which of necessity grew out of the war. Nor would they secure the good will to production in our farmers and workers or maintain the initiative of our business men. The issues look forward, not back.

"I do not believe in more than two great parties. Otherwise, combinations of groups could, as in Europe, create a danger of minority rule. I do believe in party organization to support great ideals and to carry great issues and consistent policies. Nor can any one man dictate the issues of great parties. It appears to me that the hope of a great majority of our citizens in confronting this new period in American life is that the great parties will take positive stands on the many issues that confront us, and will select men whose character and associations will guarantee their pledges.

"I am being urged by people in both parties to declare my allegiance to either one or the other. Those who know me know that I am able to make up my mind when a subject is clearly defined. Consequently, until it more definitely appears what the party managers stand for I must exercise a prerogative of American citizenship and decline to pledge my vote blindfold.

"I am not unappreciative of the many kind things that my friends have advanced on my behalf. Yet I hope they will realize my sincerity in not tying myself to undefined partisanship."

INDEPENDENT VOTER OR PARTY LEADER?

THIS statement of Mr. Hoover's is an extraordinarily apt expression of the mind of the intelligent, high-spirited, independent voter. It is the statement of a man who is capable of great power as a leader of public opinion rather than a leader of an organized political force.

There are two very distinct positions that a citizen may take with regard to parties. He may stand apart from parties awaiting decisions that parties make and then throw in his weight to one side or to the other according as his judgment may direct; or he may choose which party is likely on the whole to stand for the things he believes in, and, joining that party, bend his efforts to see that that party does stand for those things. The first position is the position of an independent voter; the second position is the position of the political leader. A man cannot be both an independent voter and a leader of a party.

If there are parties there must be leaders of parties, and if parties are going to be held to account there must be independent voters. Some men are fitted by mind and temperament to serve independent of party. Some men by mind and temperament are fitted to serve

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within organized parties. Mr. Hoover has expressed in a fine way the spirit of the political independent.

WHAT GERMAN PROMISES ARE WORTH

THE world has learned that as to its dealings with other nations Germany knows no such thing as good faith. Not since a German Chancellor callously referred to a sacred treaty with Belgium as "a scrap of paper" has there been so clear an example of Germany's conception of honor and dishonor as is shown by her present attitude to the Treaty which her representatives signed at Versailles. When the Allies, in accordance with the provisions of that Treaty, served upon German representatives at Paris a list of the political and military criminals whom it was proposed to try for their heinous and lawless acts, Baron von Lersner declared that it was repugnant to his honor even to handle such a document, telegraphed his resignation to Berlin, and left by the first train. Public men and newspapers in Germany declare that the extradition of the criminals is "an utter physical impossibility," and that no German can be found willing to aid in carrying out the agreement made by Germany. Meanwhile accused men of high rank diplomatically or as military and naval officers have been slipping over into Switzerland to escape from danger.

If in any of the discussions in Germany as to this question there has even been raised the question whether national honor does not require Germany to carry out its signed and sealed agreement, we have missed it. With one accord German writers and speakers ignore the facts that the whole matter of extradition was debated back and forth between Germany and the Allies; that Germany presented every argument that she now urges; and that when she failed in her attempt to change the decision of the Allies she deliberately agreed to do what she now appears to be on the point of refusing to do. The German dictionary should have a special definition of dishonor and honor applicable to German acts alone. Of course it may be that after groans and protests, and probably after a change of Ministry, Germany may finally determine to fulfill her pledge. She yielded in the matter of signing the Treaty and in the matter of the exchange of ratifications only after going through a similar period of protest and threat that she would sooner let the Allies come in and administer the Government in Germany than yield. But she yielded. The difference now is that most of the Allied troops that were under arms when the Treaty was signed are demobilized.

SHALL WE REWARD GERMANY'S PERFIDY?

THERE is apparently some difference of opinion among the peoples and newspapers of England and even of France as to the necessity or desirability of trying these men guilty of atrocities or responsible for the wicked inception of the war.

Some argue that it would be better to have the cases against these men presented in full and legal form before a tribunal of the Allies, even if the accused criminals were absent, and then to offer the evidence and findings to the world in a formal indictment, rather than to insist on actual trial. Others seem attracted to the idea of an international court in which the Allies, the neutral nations, and possibly even Germany itself should be represented. Neither of these courses, it need not be pointed out, is satisfactory. And perhaps the main objection to any such course of action is that, after having declared solemnly their intention to try these criminals, and having exacted an agreement from Germany to hand over the accused men, for the Allies to yield now would be nothing more than to give notice to Germany that she is at liberty to dispute the execution of each and every one of the obligations imposed upon her by the Treaty.

If the Allies were not fully resolved upon their often expressed intention to try the international criminals, it would have been far better to refrain from asserting that intention than to declare it and now withdraw weakly because of Germany's falseness in repudiating her pledged word; for this would be a reward for dishonor.

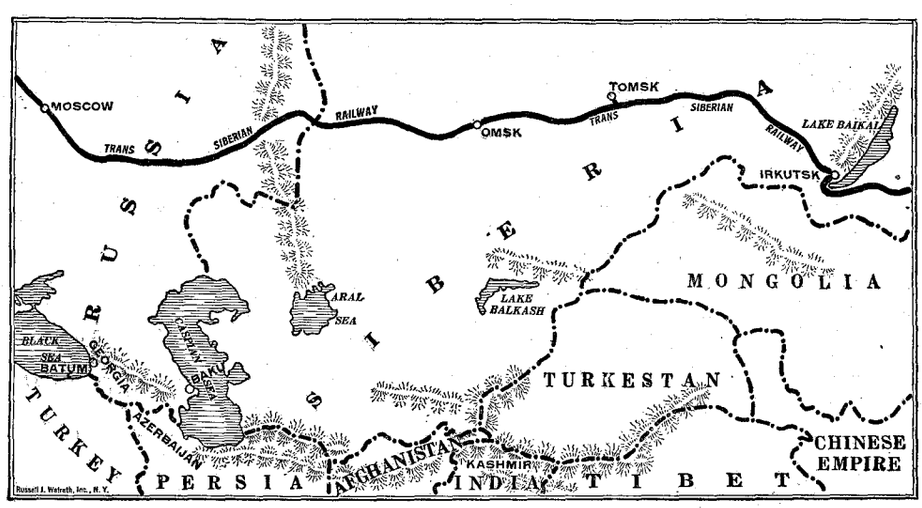
BOLSHEVISM IN ASIA

THE accompanying map indicates that Great Britain may pay dearly for the failure of the Allies to check the Bolsheviki in Russia proper when they might have been checked there. Bolshevism has now spread into other countries; first of all, of course, into Siberia. Despite its long and gallant resistance, the Bolsheviki have captured Omsk (the seat of the recent so-called All-Russian Government under Admiral Kolchak), have established their own headquarters at Tomsk, and have extended their definite authority as far east as Lake Baikal, with indefinite zones beyond to the Pacific.

Southward the Bolsheviki have penetrated into Turkestan, Persia, and actually into Afghanistan itself, whose Amir is not as friendly to England as was his predecessor; indeed, an Afghan mission has been received at Moscow declaring that its purpose was, with Bolshevik aid, to sweep the British out of Afghanistan.

In this southern progress the Bolsheviki have united, wherever possible, with the Mohammedans of Central Asia. Both hate the British. Unlike as Bolsheviki and these Mohammedans are, they can thus unite in a common campaign and threaten the northern border of India. There are millions of Mohammedans in India. Many of the most influential appreciate the benefits of British rule there and are loyal to it. Others, however, might be influenced by their Central Asia coreligionists and by the belief that the Powers, England at the head, are going to depose their Caliph at Constantinople from his seat there. Thus the Bolshevist movement towards India is doubly serious, for it may involve a native rebellion.

The Central Asian activity is reported to be directed by the famous, or rather infamous, Enver Pasha, Minister of War in the late Turkish Cabinet. He fled from Constantinople to Daghestan and Turkestan, where he was received with royal honors. An able, unscrupulous, ambitious man, he wants, it is said, to create a pan-Turanian—a Turkish-blooded—"corridor" from Constantinople to China through Turkey-in-Asia, the new Mohammedan republic of Azerbaijan in North Persia, and Turkestan with its Moslem Tartars. Russia's former paramount influ-



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ence in North Persia and Central Asia to the Afghan border should now, as represented by Bolshevist agents, aid this ambition.

North of Azerbaijan is another new republic, that of Georgia. It includes much of what we know as Transcaucasia; it has a population of about 3,000,000, with the handsome city of Tiflis as its capital. In their struggle for independence these new republics of Georgia and Azerbaijan have appealed to the Powers for recognition.

In the readjustment of power the "forward" party in England is urging the despatch not only of British troops from India northward and from Mesopotamia eastward, but from England southward. In the ultimate analysis, however, the crisis may resolve itself into a struggle between a land power and a sea power, the sea power operating primarily on two great lakes. Battleships have been despatched from Malta to Odessa, Batum, and other Black Sea ports, and British (formerly Russian) gunboats are reported to be operating on the Caspian with Baku as a base port.

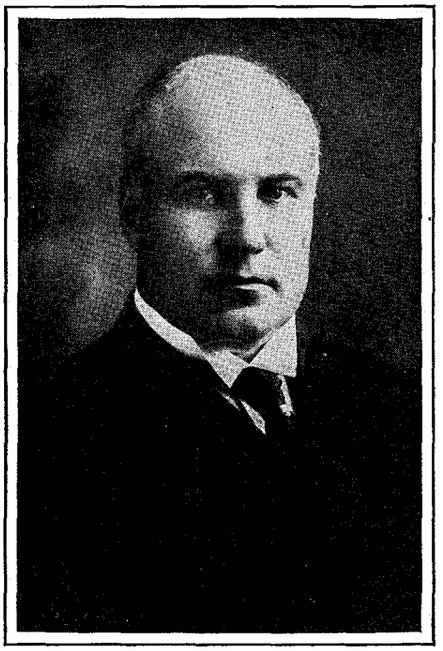
A GREAT PUBLIC SERVANT

SOME time since Franklin K. Lane publicly indicated his expectation to relinquish the Secretaryship of the Interior. But so fine has been Mr. Lane's attitude toward public questions, so original and pithy his expression of opinion, and so distinguished his services in the development of his department as to lead all friends of good government to hope that the President might induce him to remain. This has not occurred. The President has now accepted Secretary Lane's resignation.

Mr. Lane is the eighth man to retire from the Wilson Cabinet. The other members to retire were Mr. Bryan, Mr. Garrison, Mr. McReynolds, Mr. Gregory, Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Redfield, and Mr. Glass. Among these and their successors Mr. Lane is the one who has most impressed the country as possessing truly Presidential fiber. Indeed, had he been born in this country he would most probably now be regarded as one of the men most fit for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

He was born in Prince Edward Island, and as a very small child went to our Pacific coast; was a student at the University of California, became a newspaper man, studied law, was elected City Attorney of San Francisco, and was one of the pioneers in the reform movement culminating in the prosecution of the notorious Ruef. Theodore Roosevelt, always ready to recognize ability in others, was not unobservant of Mr. Lane, and appointed him a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and President Taft kept him there. Mr. Lane's seven years' record disclosed such intellectual ability and administrative efficiency that he received numerous offers which would have given him several times the income afforded by his Commissioner's salary. But he recognized the Commission's immense importance and his opportunity to do a good work in it—which he did.

None of President Wilson's acts on assuming office or since were more commendable than his invitation to Mr.



FRANKLIN K. LANE

Lane to become a member of his Cabinet. Mr. Lane entered it with an experience in National affairs possessed by none of his colleagues. Among them he was conspicuous for his humanism and his breadth of vision.

As an organizer Mr. Lane put his department on a better business basis than it had ever known. During his term of office he found time to serve as Chairman of the American Commission which, after the Vera Cruz affair, met the Mexican delegates at Niagara Falls; also as chairman of the board charged with the Herculean task of readjusting the pay of railway employees under the Government administration of the roads.

In 1915 Mr. Lane was foremost in the Cabinet in grasping what the country's true position should be as to the war. He had influence in this respect, for, as much as any other Cabinet member in many years, he enjoyed the confidence of Congress. But he did not belong to the President's "inner circle." This was evident in 1917 when, while curbing profiteering, Mr. Lane's agreement with the coal operators (as to a price which the Government would permit them to charge) was criticised by Secretary Baker. As the result of the lower price fixed by the President, coal production fell off and was largely responsible for the "Garfield shortage" of the winter of 1917–18. Unsuccessful in his coal price policy, Mr. Lane has been eminently successful in giving to the people a just idea of their duties and responsibilities regarding our oil, coal, phosphate, and potash lands, their water power possibilities, the resources of Alaska, the education of illiterates, and the necessity of enabling our returning heroes to acquire the means of immediate self-support. In short, in his seven-year term as Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Lane has been a great conservationist in the broadest use of that word. May his successor tread the trail so blazed!

VINDICATING THE LAW

GREATLY as every one must deplore the fact that five men were killed and many more were wounded by Kentucky State troops in the suppression of mob violence at Lexington, the tragic incident is perhaps the most notable object lesson we have had for years to teach that law and order must be maintained. The evils of lynch law are not confined to the wrong done to the person lynched; they strike deep at the root of all government.

In this case there was no question that the Negro whom the mob intended to lynch was guilty of an atrocious crime. On the other hand, there appears to be no reason whatever to assume that the law and the courts of Kentucky were not to be depended upon to convict the criminal and punish him in accordance with the law. That justice in such a case can be prompt as well as unflinching is shown by the fact that after the lynching attempt failed, a jury which had heard the criminal's confession returned a verdict of "guilty" and assigned the punishment of death, while the judge who presided at the trial fixed a near date as that when the Negro, Lockett, should be executed in the electric chair.

One can well understand the fierce current of passion which ran through Lexington and into the mountain towns near by, so that bodies of men were coming into Lexington by special trains, including many armed mountaineers. Even as we write, on February 10, it seems quite possible that, despite the prompt action of the court, the criminal may yet be lynched. Martial law has been proclaimed, and Federal troops are ready to support the State troops if necessary. It is a hard lesson for angry men to learn that even more important than vengeance upon a despicable and horrible criminal is the preservation of the peace of the public and the support of those methods which the people have provided for the very purpose of doing justice.

In primitive communities where such

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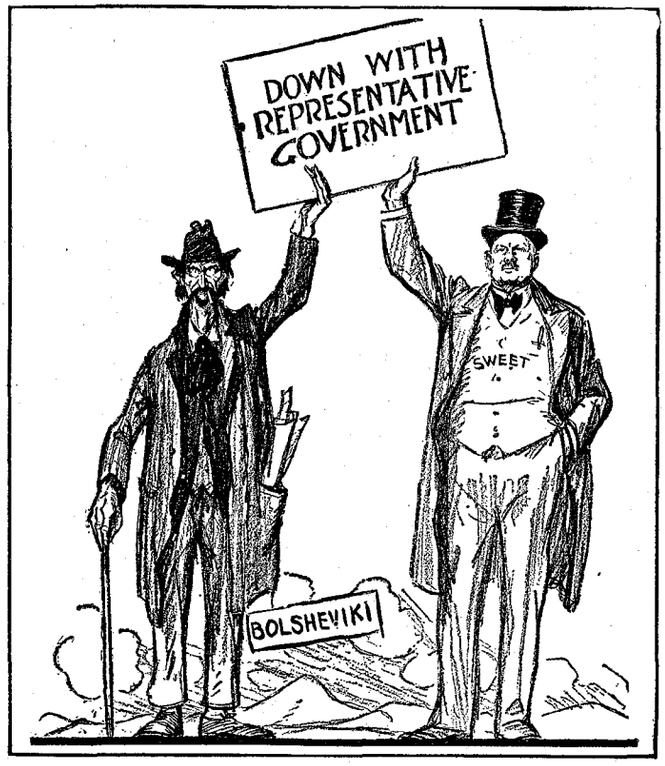
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS

From the New York World



THE SAME PLATFORM

Thomas in the Detroit News

BUT HOW WILL HE LOOK IN JUNE?

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

ROOM FOR ONLY ONE

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(C) Moffett Studio, Chicago
EDWARD P. RIPLEY

means of justice are lacking, or in communities where the courts are corrupt or incompetent and do not act with decision and unsparing severity, there is excuse for the assumption of power to punish by the people themselves; where these conditions do not exist, there is no such excuse.

THE MAKER OF A RAILWAY

ABOUT twenty-five years ago the Santa Fé Railway system was disorganized and practically bankrupt. Choice of a new president to rescue the property had to be made. The directors selected Edward Payson Ripley, a practical railway man. To-day the great Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway is, in the words of a financial expert, one of the finest transportation properties in the world.

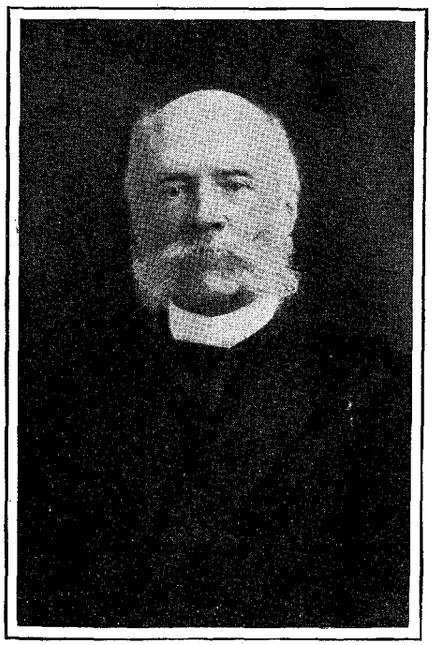
Mr. Ripley was a railway man through and through, not a financier with one eye on Wall Street and the other on his salary or profits. It would be easy to name two or three derelict railways that in the same period went to the dogs, simply because they had presidents of the other type, who gambled with their roads instead of building them up. Mr. Ripley had the pride in his system that a great editor must have in his paper or a merchant prince in his business. Service and stability were his watchwords; what he built lasted.

"I just happened into the railway business," Mr. Ripley told some one. But he began at the right end; as clerk, freight agent, passenger manager, vice-president, and president he mastered detail and built up system.

Mr. Ripley was not a friend to legislative or governmental administration of railways. Perhaps he reasoned that regulation was not needed if proper interest were taken by railway officials in the mutual rights of stockholders, shippers, and employees. But it is precisely because men like Ripley are few and hard to find that other ways may have to be taken to guard those mutual rights. That he was not indisposed to share prosperity was shown four years ago when a bonus of $2,750,000 was divided among the road's employees who earned less than $2,500 a year.

A METHODIST LEADER

DR. JAMES M. BUCKLEY, who died at the age of eighty-four on February 8 in New York, was sometimes called the "bishop-maker," as Warwick was called king-maker, because his influence more than once decided the choice of bishops by the General Conference, while, although himself at least once a candidate, he failed of election. The reason for this was that Dr. Buckley was vigorous to the point of aggressiveness in what he said and wrote and did not repress his native wit in his dealing with public questions and church politics. He was far from being ill-humored; indeed, his sense of humor was one of his most noteworthy qualities. But he was neither a time-server nor an opportunist when his convictions were concerned.



REV. DR. JAMES M. BUCKLEY

For thirty-two years Dr. Buckley was editor of the New York "Christian Advocate." His editorial writing was brilliant, earnest, and progressive. Inside and outside of Methodist circles his editorials were read with appreciation and entertainment. He had a taste for travel and wrote more than one book of observation abroad—one of them dealt in an enlightening way with the Russian Nihilist movement. He was never more vivacious and caustic than when writing of "spiritual humbugs" or what he considered such, and it was from this point of view that he wrote his books entitled "Faith Healing" and "Christian Science and Kindred Phenomena."

Personally, Dr. Buckley was a vigorous, original, energetic man—the reverse of the commonplace or mere mildly efficient minister. He held pastorates of important Methodist Episcopal churches in Detroit and Brooklyn. His fame as speaker and writer were decidedly National in character.

A NEW AMERICAN SYMPHONY

SOME day there is going to be another American revolution and war of independence, if American music cannot gain its freedom and its right by the more natural process of development. After hearing Frederick Shepherd Converse's C Minor Symphony, as it was played the other day by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, one is tempted to inquire rather vociferously why American compositions have to stand so much severer tests than foreign compositions in order to be admitted to the repertory of American orchestras. A single hearing is not the soundest basis for a mature judgment; but it is sufficient to warrant the conclusion that Mr. Converse's symphony is a very much more substantial work than much which passes as good music among moderns in Europe and is accepted as such here in America because it comes from Europe.

If this does not sound like high praise, it is because it is not intended for praise at all. It is intended as an assertion of the American composer's right to be subjected to the same tests and to be judged on the same basis as the composer of any other country. Ernest Newman has suggested that it might be a wholesome thing to omit composers' names and all distinguishing signs indicating the origin of

FREDERICK S. CONVERSE

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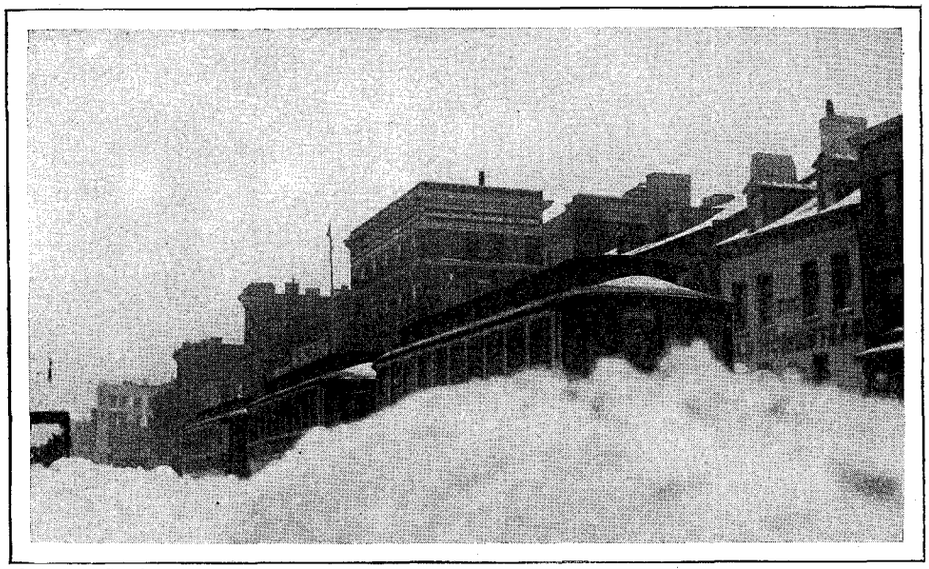


(C) Keystone View Co.

STREET CARS STALLED IN NEW YORK CITY

compositions from musical programmes. If Mr. Newman's plan were carried out, it might be embarrassing for critics to appraise some unfamiliar piece of Mozart without knowing it was Mozart's; but the American composer would have a very much better chance than he has today. If Mr. Converse's symphony had been played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra without anybody's knowing whether it came from Berlin or Paris or London or Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, audiences might have mistaken it for the work of a European whom it is the vogue to rate highly and would have been free to enjoy the music on its own account.

In this symphony Mr. Converse has found a higher level than in any other of his orchestral works. He is more himself and much less a mere disciple of the modern German school. It is nonsense to say that war has not had, will not have, or should not have, any influence on art. To say that is to talk as if art was something impersonal. On the contrary, art is to the highest degree the expression of the human spirit. It is the finest of human spirits that war has most seriously affected. Some of the results of this war are reflected in this new American symphony. One of those effects is seen in the style and manner of writing. In his earlier works Mr. Converse was very much under the influence of Strauss and those other German apostles of the doctrine that it does not matter what you feel, it matters only that you express it. This sort of doctrine led to a sort of an emotionally spasmodic musical style and a great dependence upon orchestral and other kinds of tone color. Whether consciously or not, Mr. Converse has now apparently reacted against this. As a result there is in this symphony a much finer organization of his musical ideas and a sounder control and use of tone color.

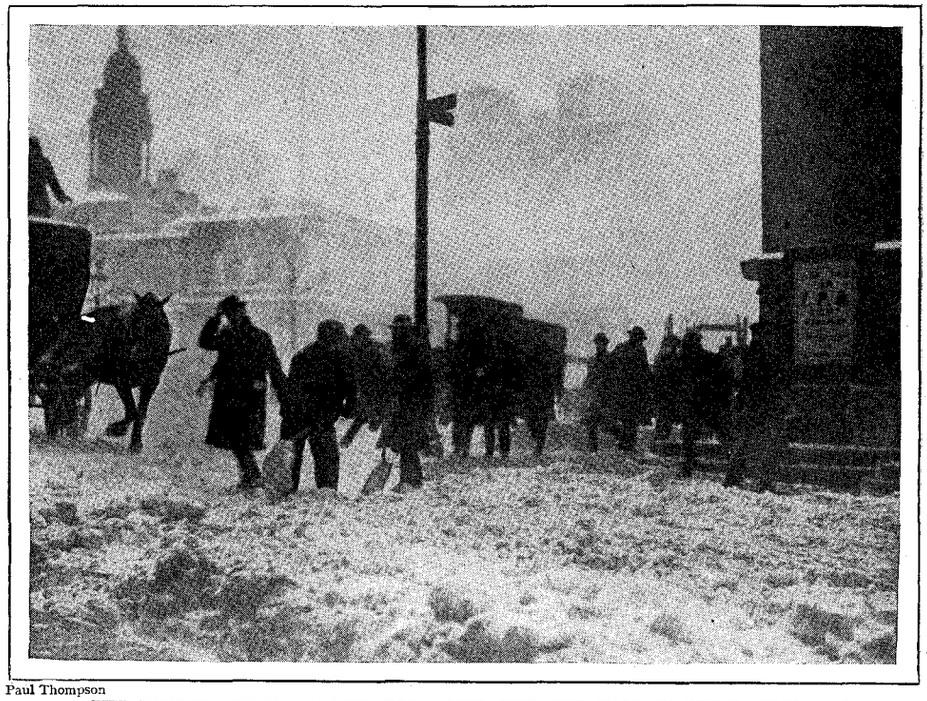
In a brief statement the composer has made it is explained that this symphony is an expression of a state of mind arising out of the experiences of the war and its victorious conclusion. It is interesting to know what occasioned the writing of this symphony, but it is not essential to an understanding of it. It has elements of dignity, power, and melodic beauty. We hope it will not be confined to the repertory of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but that it will soon be performed by other orchestras, and be subjected to the fair test of repeated hearings.

SNOW AND CITY TRAFFIC

THE more complicated a mechanism the easier it is to throw out its adjustment. Seventeen inches of snow in a country village may mean nothing more than good coasting for the boys, a dent or two in some traveling man's derby hat, and a chance for the school-teacher to read instructively from Whittier's "Snowbound."

Take these same seventeen inches of snow, scatter them judiciously over a great city, and the result is the elimination of vital traffic, a shortage of food and coal, the disruption of business, and no small amount of sickness and suffering. New York City has recently had occasion to learn this fact, for between February 4 and February 7 some seventeen inches of snow fell in its streets. This amount of snow has been exceeded several times in the history of New York City, but the great fall of February, 1920, was unique in the density of the precipitation. Had these seventeen inches of snowfall been of normal density, the Weather Bureau states that the city would have been covered to a depth of forty-five inches. As it is, a week after the fall began, most of the city is still covered with an ice-like mass which has turned the city's streets into the best imitation of bad country roads which the city has known since the days of Peter Stuyvesant.

For a week in the Borough of Manhattan (much to the amusement of Brooklynites, who have enjoyed almost uninterrupted street car transportation with their more primitive—but at present more effective—overhead trolley system) no surface cars have moved, for the power slots and tracks have completely disappeared under a coating of rutted ice. Confronted by a most unusual problem of snow removal, the city government has shown less than the usual ambition to protect its citizens. The labor shortage and the character of the snowfall have of course greatly handicapped such efforts as have been made.



Paul Thompson

THE SNOW BLOCKADE IN NEW YORK CITY—THE CITY HALL IN THE BACKGROUND

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But there seems to have been too much of the spirit of the Negro janitor who remarked sententiously as he surveyed the drifts in front of the apartment house where he worked, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

LITTLE SEEDS OF KINDNESS

THE American Forestry Association, under the characteristic energy and prevision of its President, Charles Lathrop Pack, has already collected from liberal donors an enormous quantity of American forestry seeds, mostly spruce, enough to propagate millions of trees, and expects to collect as much more, to aid in restoring the destroyed timber of England, Belgium, and France. This consignment was formally presented the other day in Boston to the English, French, and Belgian consuls. In The Outlook two weeks ago, under the heading "Current Events Illustrated," there was a picture showing Mr. Pack standing by some of the bags of seeds destined for our allies. In making the presentation Mr. Pack said:

"A hundred years from now these trees will tell the glory of all those who heard the call of humanity from across three thousand miles of water. . . . This gift to help reforest the battle areas and the areas in Great Britain sacrificed to war's demands will, I believe, do more than anything else toward cementing the friendship that was born of war and baptized in blood."

Most Americans will understand the necessity and appropriateness of such a gift as regards Belgium and France. But why England?

While France has half an acre per head of population in forests, the United Kingdom has less than one-tenth of an acre per head. Aside from the everyday economic loss to Great Britain in her small forest resource, there was an additional drain on that resource, scanty as it was. France becoming exhausted owing to lack of labor, the British had to provide themselves from their own forests with wood for their army's military purposes. And the British were ready to sacrifice to this end. Many private owners felled their timber and offered it for sale to the Government. The greatest landowner in England, the King, was equally prompt, and the Crown woods in the Windsor and Ascot districts produced great amounts of timber. Here and at New Forest the Crown of course controls the timber; in other places the Defense of the Realm Act gave compulsory powers.

But there were not enough men to cut the timber; the available labor had been mostly absorbed by the army. England had to appeal overseas. Canada and the United States responded. The overseas lumbermen enlisted as soldiers and went abroad as military units. In the Black Woods, not very far from Windsor, as in Windsor Forest itself, one may visit to-day great areas laid bare by the Canadian cutters and sawmills; it seems strange, almost in the shadow of Windsor Castle itself, to come upon the huts of the Canadian Forestry Corps.

Only the Armistice stopped the British from cutting down their trees.

LET THEM REST

IN last week's issue of The Outlook there appeared an editorial urging that our soldiers' bodies be left in the land where they died. In this week's issue appears an article telling what our Government is doing to make our cemeteries in France worthy resting-places for the slain sons of America. There also appears in this issue an article which shows how America may fittingly honor her dead in her own land while still leaving the bodies of her sons to rest where they fell on the field of honor.

The subject is not one upon which we like to dwell; but American fathers and mothers should know that selfish commercial interests are, in part at least, behind the movement to bring from France the bodies of our soldiers. There comes to us from a "Gold Star Mother" a pamphlet which contains a quotation from a paper devoted to the professional interests of undertakers. Part of this quotation we reproduce here:

> Suppose, Mr. Funeral Director, that upon one of the few bright, sunshiny mornings we have vouchsafed to us in this year of peace, strikes, and high prices, some one were to come into your office and tell you that he had a scheme for increasing the number of funerals this year by more than 50,000, what would you do about it?
>
> Mr. Funeral Director, with your neatly appointed office and your not-entirely-paid-for motor equipment, this offer is being made you in all seriousness and without the killing of a single heart. What are you going to do about it?
>
> Representative T. H. Caraway, of Arkansas, has introduced a bill authorizing the return of soldier dead within one year. Congress will vote upon this bill favorably if enough pressure of public opinion is brought to bear.
>
> For nearly every American soldier returned some funeral director will be called upon to perform the necessary duties of reception and burial. Extra business, gentlemen, legitimate, patriotic; kindly, sympathetic, remunerative extra business. No increased death rate, no additional number of widows and orphans; only the final laying away of America's sons in the bosom of their dear Motherland.

We leave this statement to the judgment of those whose sons, brothers, and husbands with their bodies have made acres of French soil eternally American.

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY

THE New York "Tribune" of Sunday, February 1, contained an article by Mr. Frank H. Simonds on present conditions in Europe. His interpretation doubtless is partly guesswork, but it is good guesswork, and his interpretation is worth repeating.

Neither the English nor the French Government has dared to make war upon Bolshevist Russia because of the radical elements in their own countries, nor to make peace with Bolshevist Russia because of the conservative groups in their own countries. So they have adopted the impossible policy of neither war nor peace. Agreeing so far, they agree in nothing else. France desires a strong Russia, partly as a means of protection against Germany, partly because Russia owes France a great debt which will never be paid if Russia is disintegrated. England wishes the disintegration of Russia because in a strong Russia she has always seen a peril. A strong Russia uniting with Germany would imperil Great Britain's Indian Empire, and this peril would be the greater because a revolutionary Russia uniting with a revolutionary Germany would find in the discontented populations of India and of Egypt dangerously revolutionary elements.

This suggestive interpretation throws some light upon Great Britain's problem and seems to us to put before the English people a new question. Bolshevism substitutes the despotism of the proletariat for the despotism of the Czar. Shall England regard Russia as a Bolshevist nation, and therefore its irreconcilable foe, or shall England endeavor to guide Russia's people into a peaceful industrial revolution, and so become the friend, the counselor, and the guide of the Russian proletariat, endeavoring to lead them out of an industrial despotism into an industrial democracy? And this question has its interest, though not so acute an interest, for the American people.

For America has a certain degree of responsibility for the revolution which has destroyed the old order in Europe. Our extraordinary growth in territory, population, and wealth, our destruction of slavery, the demonstrated strength of our Government by the Civil War, our welcome to immigrants from the Old World and their prosperity in the New, their freedom from the old restraints, their opportunities for education for themselves and their children, their measure of equality and fraternity, far exceeding their expectations, and their letters home describing their emancipation, have combined to produce a political discontent in Europe. And our participation in the

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war, the joyous courage of our soldiers, their faith in America, their enthusiasm for its institutions, and the interpretation given to that faith by our President in his Fourteen Points, have aided in developing out of the previous discontent a successful revolution. No loyal American would desire the return of the old order and the re-establishment of military despotism in Russia, Austria, or Germany. Bolshevism may be worse, but it will not be permanent. The problem of America is not, how can we keep out of this tragedy, but what can we do, and what ought we to do, to help the peoples of Europe out of anarchy into an ordered liberty.

1. We cannot give them that liberty. We cannot destroy the government by the proletariat in Russia and put in its place government by the people. We cannot compel, it is hardly possible that we can enable, the Russian people to establish a Russian National Assembly representing all classes and with free speech and free action adequately protected. Self-government must always be self-developed; it can never be imposed. Russia must work out her own destiny and learn by her own mistakes. It can hardly be doubted that the Allies might a year ago have protected her from the Bolshevists. But that time has passed. We can aid her to self-government, as France aided America in her Revolution, but we cannot act for her. No people can be made self-governing by another people.

2. We can feed the starving population of the Old World out of our overflowing granaries. It is true that we cannot send our food abroad and be sure that only the deserving will receive it; true that some of it may feed our enemies and the enemies of mankind; true that, like the rain, it will fall on the just and on the unjust; true that despite ourselves we shall be sometimes fulfilling the divine command, If thine enemy hunger, feed him. But we must not play the part of Dives in the parable and live a self-satisfied life, clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day while Lazarus lies at our door uncared for.

3. What we can do we ought to do to defend the weaker peoples from the oppression of the strong. Poland is entitled to protection from the militarism of Germany and Russia; Armenia is entitled to protection from the militarism of Turkey and Russia. We cannot alone insure their protection. We cannot alone do for them what we did for Cuba in 1898. But we can at least give to them the sympathy we gave to Greece in 1821 and to Hungary in 1848. Perhaps we can furnish them with money, arms, and recruits, and certainly we can use our National influence with our late allies, and it is not inconsiderable, against all policies of national aggrandizement and in favor of an international and united policy encouraging and aiding national emancipation, industrial liberty, and social justice.

4. In pursuing this policy we shall find support in unexpected quarters. We shall create a spirit of liberty in Russia, Austria, Hungary, and Germany; we shall find it eagerly awaiting our appreciation and support in Poland and Armenia; and we shall discover its expression in the free countries of England, France, and Italy. There lies before us as we write the last copy of the "Literary Supplement" of the London "Times" to arrive in this country. From it we quote:

> What we desire in those whom we elect to govern us is not that they shall be members of one or of another class, but that they shall be men with whose ideas we sympathize and whose character we believe to have been so formed by training and experience as to fit them to meet the responsibilities of high position.

If in that sentence there is any ambiguity, there is none in the following two sentences:

> As the French Revolution marked the disappearance from society of the conception of a divinely ordained *noblesse*, so the Russian Revolution marks the disappearance of the less clearly definable prerogative of the middle class! . . . From to-day forward we are all to be plain men together. Here and everywhere we are witnessing the advent to power of the masses of the people.

5. But in this great democratic movement America cannot be a leader unless Americans are true to their own ideals. We must welcome, we must inspire and promote, on our own soil, "the advent to power of the masses of the people" if we wish to guide wisely and efficiently the progress of other peoples. France in the eighteenth century, Russia in the nineteenth century, attempted to suppress the growing discontent—with what results we all know. The discontent which has created Bolshevism in Russia and the I. W. W. in America is a wild, passionate, and unintelligent protest against industrial injustice. The remedy is not suppression of the protest, but suppression of the injustice.

If there are in this country considerable groups infected with the revolutionary fever and incited by visionary and criminal leaders into wild and criminal courses, the remedy is a sympathetic understanding and a sane leadership of these groups in a wiser direction. Repression of crime is a primary duty of government, but repression of agitation only makes it more dangerous. The speech of the agitator in the secret meeting would lose its power if it were delivered in the National Congress or the State Legislature. The best argument against false doctrine is a free publication of the most specious argument that can be made for the false doctrine. A policy of repression, which was necessary but endured with difficulty in time of war, becomes dangerous in time of peace.

America can render no greater service to the world than by uniting with the other free nations in solving the perpetually perplexing problem of history, the reconciliation of law and liberty in the organization and establishment of an ordered liberty—religious, political, and industrial. It is true that we do not wish to enter into entangling alliances with foreign Powers to promote the selfish schemes of one nation or to protect against the selfish schemes of another. But it is also true that we may well desire to unite with the increasing number of patriotic, humane, and far-seeing men and women in all nations who desire to substitute for international squabbles international fellowship, such as has made of rival States the American Nation, and of rival colonies the British Empire.

MILITARY LEGISLATION AND THE PROBLEM OF UNIVERSAL TRAINING

THE Senate Committee on Military Affairs has reported a bill for the reorganization of the Army which in many respects is the most intelligent piece of military legislation which has come before Congress in some time. This bill makes an honest attempt to place American military service upon the democratic basis of universal service. It embodies the bulk of the suggestions contained in the bill drawn up by the Military Training Camps Association, which was described in The Outlook of August 27 last. It is not our purpose to discuss here the details of this bill. We reserve that for a later issue. The most important question to be discussed at present is the attitude of the House towards the feature which is the real backbone of the Senate bill—the proposal to adopt universal training as a fundamental part of our military policy.

The House as a whole has refused to indorse this feature of the Senate bill, and now the Democratic minority, in a caucus vote of 106 to 17, has adopted resolutions opposing the passage of legislation by the present Congress for universal compulsory military training. This party vote was taken in direct contradiction to the advice of President Wilson, who urged the Democratic membership of the House not to make a party issue of this subject. President Wilson, in urging his party members in Congress to go slow, further said that the system of universal training "promises for the young men of the country" "great disciplinary and other advantages." Such a statement from such a

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source may make some of those who labored in and for the Plattsburg camps before our entry into the war rub their eyes with astonishment, but that is entirely aside from the present question.

The vote of the House and the action of the House Democrats indicate several things which even those who are in favor of universal training, as is The Outlook, must take into serious account. Obviously the Representatives who gathered in the Democratic caucus reflected not their own opinion alone but what they believed to be the prevailing opinion among their constituents. For purposes of political safety the Representatives are undoubtedly good judges of the sentiment among their home folks.

They are probably right in believing that there is strong opposition to universal military training. There is undoubtedly the opposition based on considerations of economy. Whether these considerations be true or false is another question. There is opposition based on our historic repugnance to anything which savors of militarism, and there are many who think that militarism tinges the whole subject of military training. And there is opposition based on the natural reaction of American young men against the rigid military rule that they encountered in the camps at home and in the billets overseas. In each respect this opposition is based on wholesome instincts. In planning for the military security of our country these are instincts which our legislators cannot afford to ignore.

We believe that Americans ought to be trained to perform their duties as citizens; that among those duties is the primary duty of defending by force of arms, if need be, the institutions of the country. We therefore believe in universal military training. But we believe that this training can be given with true regard for sound economy, the avoidance of the merely military spirit, and the protection of individual liberty. Indeed, we believe that this training will be all the better and sounder for holding fast to these traditional American safeguards.

Though the Senate bill is not inconsistent with these safeguards, the country needs to be further assured that it is not departing from a traditional course which, no matter how much it has cost us in blood and wasted treasure, has still kept the civil spirit supreme.

We shall undertake to point out in subsequent issues of The Outlook some of the methods by which the country can be so assured.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

WHAT'S THE USE?

A QUIET and well-behaved gentleman of eighty starts out some spring morning with a grandson of eight to go to the village post office. The boy vaults over the low fence while the grandfather goes through the gateway, vaults back again to try a somersault on the lawn, stops for a romp with his dog, runs a race with a passing automobile, and finally capers and cavorts back like a young colt to his grandfather's side, quite out of breath.

"What's the use of all that, Johnny?" says his grandfather. "Why can't you walk along quietly, as you see me do?"

"Oh, just fun," replies Johnny, and is off again.

What is the use? Nothing. It is a natural expression of the boy's animal spirits. Eight has them, eighty hasn't. That is the difference.

A great deal of life is like that. It is simply the outward expression of an inward experience. I sometimes think the greater part of life's activity is self-expression; and that self-expression is valuable chiefly because it is also self-expansion. Eight develops his body by spontaneous athletics. Eighty develops his power to reflect by reflection.

My friend asks me, "What is the use of going to church? I can hear better music at a concert, and get better instruction by quietly reading a book at home."

Possibly for him there is no use. For me the church furnishes an expression of an inward life which craves expression. This Sunday morning I am rejoicing in life; it is good to be alive; and I want some others of my friends and neighbors to join with me in a song of gladness. I am perplexed by the complex problems of our modern life and by a sense of my own infirmities, faults, and failures. In the church we share together in the expression of this perplexity by joining in the prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;" and we share also in an anticipating hope of ultimate victory by joining in the ascription, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory." Because we have expressed together this our common experience we enter the arena on Monday morning with a new courage. I open the new book at home hoping to find in it some new information or some new idea. But I rather hope the preacher will not give me new information or new ideas. I want him to express for me what is in me, but I cannot express. It is not an idle compliment if I am able later to say to him, "I enjoyed that sermon, for it expressed what I have always felt."

Discovering or creating in one an experience before unrecognized is the great service which art and music render. The artist has an inward vision of beauty which I have not. By interpreting that vision through the canvas he imparts it to me. By the self-expression of his life he enlarges and enriches my life. The real value and the market value of a picture are quite different. While Blakelock lived his pictures went a-begging, for the buyers were blind. When he died, the eyes of the buyers were opened, and now his pictures command large prices. But their value as interpreters of life has not altered.

So music is an audible expression of an inward life. The mechanical piano can never take the place of the living pianist, for, however mechanically perfect the piano may be, it does not possess, it only imitates, the human spirit. The player pianos and the phonographs, however, like the engravings or photographs which reproduce famous paintings, can bring some of the beauty of masterpieces where the masterpieces themselves cannot be brought. I rejoice in these musical mechanisms, since they carry somewhat more than a semblance of music into homes which formerly had not even a semblance. And the sound of my neighbor's soulless phonograph is more agreeable than the soulless thrumming on the piano I used to hear. For a machine without a soul is better than a human performer without a soul.

But the picture, however perfectly painted, and the symphony, however perfectly rendered, are but interpreters. They answer to the ecclesiastical definition of a sacrament—they are an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. For music is a wireless which translates the unknown world through a language which I can partly understand. It can be said reverently that the true musician has in himself something which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of most of us, and he uses the piano or the violin or the orchestra to give to us that inexpressible experience which is a thought and yet more than a thought, an emotion yet more than an emotion. I can never be a Brahms or a Beethoven, a Kreisler or a Paderewski; but these creators and interpreters can impart to me something of their mystical and indefinable life. I cannot create, I cannot even interpret, but I can receive. "He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward;" so he that receiveth the artist or the musician receives their reward. This is the unrecognized glory of life, that the artist can share with the

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more humble recipient the joy of creation, even as the great Creator offers to all his children a share in the glory of his creative work.

The object of education ought not to be to prepare men and women to create better marketable values to put on the market. It ought to be to create in men and women a life worth expressing and to give them power to express it. Folks are worth more than things, and therefore the value of folks should not be determined by the value of the things which they can produce. The musician is more than the performer, the artist than the painter, the preacher than the pulpit orator. The engineer is worth more than the bridge which he builds; the Italian laborer is worth more than the railway he helps to build. It is more important to make women than to make housekeepers; to make men than to make plumbers. When the question is asked, What is the use of Latin, Greek, and other literature? it should be answered by another, Are we willing to lose from the world what Latin, Greek, and other literature have given us —scholars like Thomas Arnold and Principal Jowett, and ability to appreciate such dramatists as Shakespeare, such poets as Browning and Tennyson, and such novelists as Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot?

FALLEN ON THE FIELD OF HONOR

I—WAR MEMORIALS

BY CHARLES MOORE

CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL FINE ARTS COMMISSION

THE war memorial problem of the present is the memorial for the small city or the town. The large cities are showing a becoming reticence. The triumphal arch so much talked about two or three months ago has fallen a victim to the necessity of counting the cost and finding a location. The New York experiment proved that an arch should not be an obstruction to traffic, and possibly the method of collecting funds from door to door was found unproductive. Be that as it may, the project seems to have been laid aside for the time being.

The other day I saw a sculptor of high and deserved reputation working over a memorial tablet for one of the suburbs of New York. He had made five designs, the first quite elaborate and the last quite simple. He found that the money would not hold out for the first, but he thought he could squeeze through with the last one. Now, as so often happens, the last and simplest was the best of the lot. The artist had got a good bit of charm into his composition. The female figure was not martial or heroic but quite human and familiar. She did not cut the tablet into two equal surfaces, but floated above it. This gave an opportunity for design in the inscription and the treatment of the names. All of which opens up the problem of the tablet—the most popular form of war memorial.

The demand is for the display of the names of the men who went to war, whether to France, to a Southern camp, or to a Washington desk. Strangely enough, there is no apparent desire to commemorate the women who went to war—the nurses, the Red Cross workers, the Salvation Army lassies, the Y. W. C. A. people. Many of them were under fire; almost all of them endured hardships; and not a few of them sacrificed their lives for their country. When we consider that out of the two and a half million men who went to France we have only eighty thousand graves to account for, it would seem as if a place might be found on the tablets for at least the women who died in the service.

Memorial civic art thrives most in New England. Almost every village green shows a monument which, by reason of its design, suggests that it has escaped from the sun-drenched burying-ground near by in order to get under the shade of the trees on the village common. Occasionally the rich man of the town, tricked out in his long-forgotten Civil War uniform and mounted on a noble charger, has been set up by connivance between a doting widow and a sculptor not afraid of his reputation. Then there is the omnipresent granite soldier, without variableness or shadow of turning. What a noble army these stone-men would make if they could be gathered together in their favorite posture of parade-rest and formed into a rainbow division from the four quarters of the land!

THE AVIATOR, BY GUTZON BORGLUM

Memorial to James Rogers McConnell, Lafayette Escadrille. Unveiled at the University of Virginia last June

Now the tablet threatens to be even worse than the soldier, because it takes up more space and flaunts itself more persistently on the public attention; for the soldier, as a rule, is a modest creature, whether in stone, bronze, iron, or tin. But the tablet, from the impossible eagle at the top to the last letter of the last hero's name, thrusts forward its bad design so that it hits the passer-by like a blow on the nose. In this it simply follows the fashion of our poster advertising, which differs radically from the novel, attractive, even alluring, artistic posters of France and England. American poster advertisers seem determined to club people into buying their wares; and the tablet-makers have torn a leaf from the poster-book. Now, a well-designed tablet has in it both architecture and sculpture. The fact is that we as a people have never set ourselves to cultivate good taste. We don't know that the firms on whom we rely make their success by catering to our lack of taste. They accept our absence of standards and aim to please by novelty and extravagance. The British have church and chapel as locations for tablets; and the sanctity of the place adds to the reverence of those who read. We have city halls and county buildings and State capitols; but none of these buildings, as a rule, conduce to the memorial spirit. Our churches rarely stand for community spirit.

Perhaps the most satisfactory memorial for the town or smaller city is a flagstaff well proportioned, having a base of bronze, carrying the names to be commemorated. From four to forty thousand dollars may be well expended on such a memorial.

The portrait statue, which was almost our only form of commemorative art until recent times, has come into disfavor. The rocking-horse statue of Andrew Jackson saluting the White House was the first equestrian statue designed in this country. Bad as it seems to the present-day critic, Saint Gaudens opposed its removal on the ground that it marked an

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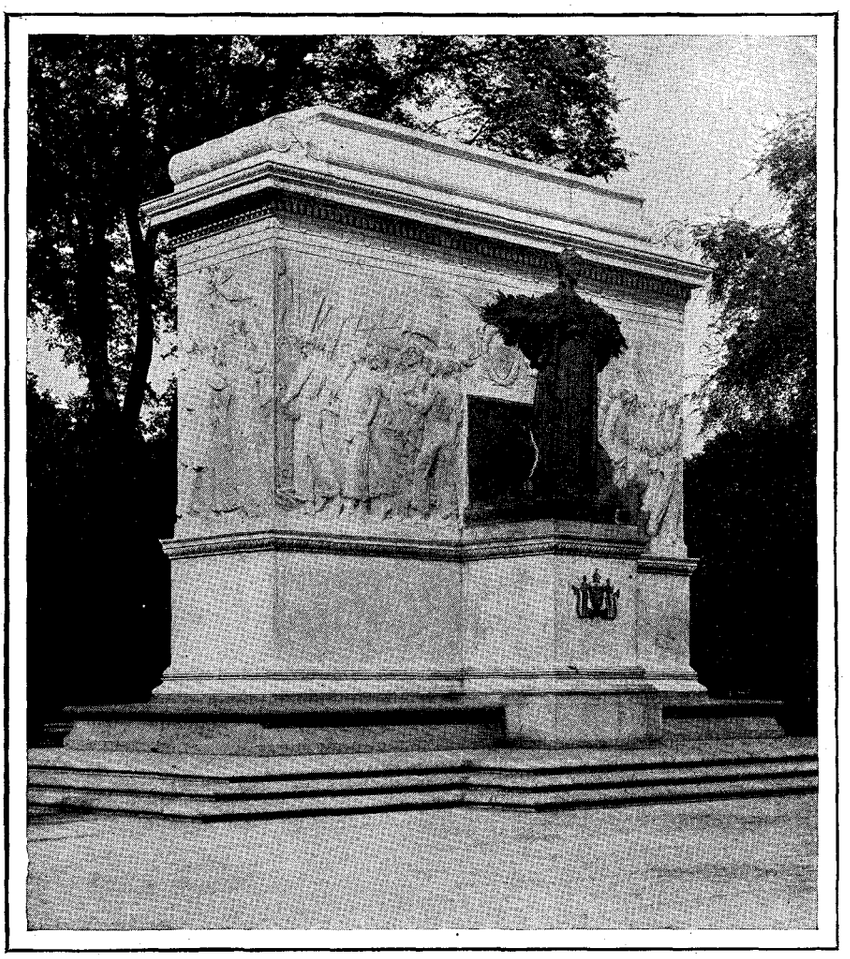
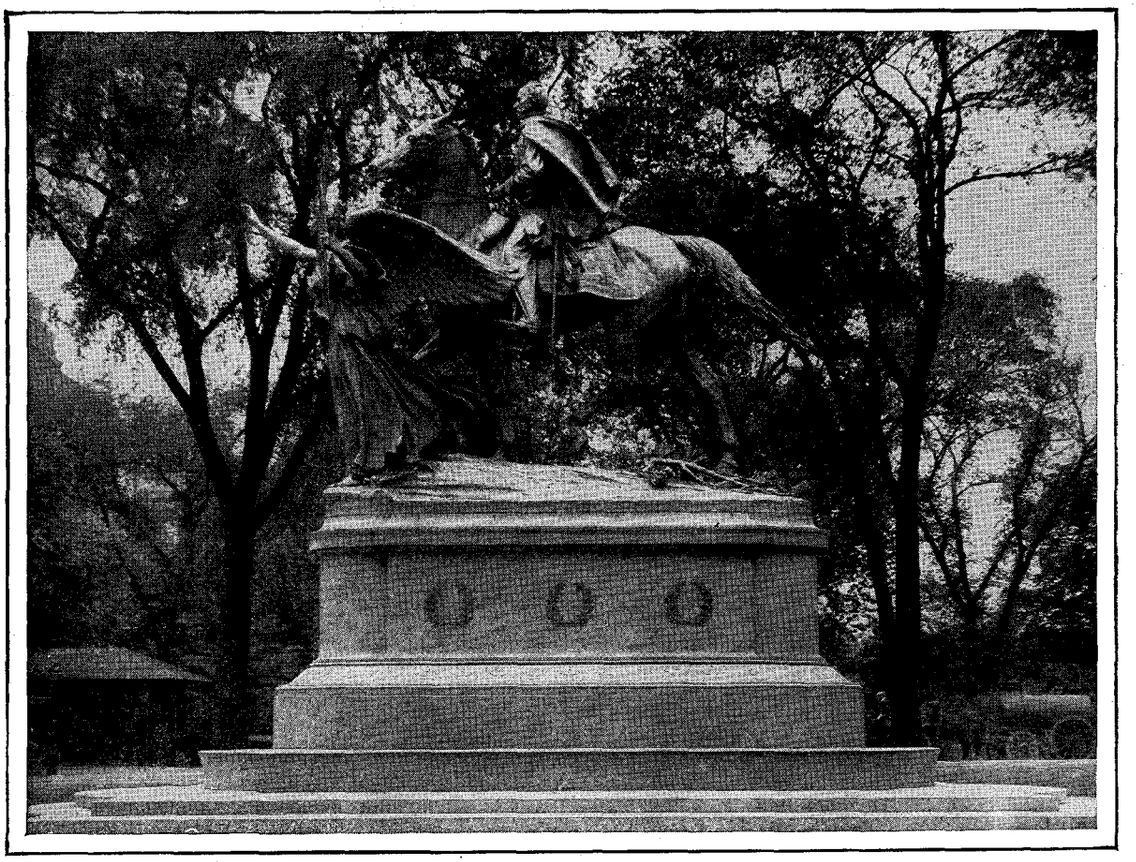


SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MONUMENT
ALBANY, NEW YORK

Hermon A. MacNeil, Sculptor
Lord and Hewlett, Architects



THE
SHERMAN MONUMENT
NEW YORK CITY
BY
AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS

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epoch and that it had grown into its place. Portrait statues need a strong historical subject—a Washington, a Paul Jones, a Nathan Hale, a Lincoln, a Farragut, a Grant—a personage whose traits are a matter of common knowledge. Given such a subject, the sculptor has something to work upon. His success will be measured by his technical ability multiplied by his understanding. Many statues of Lincoln fail because the sculptor had not mind enough to comprehend the character of his subject. So he took refuge in Lincoln's ungainliness, not realizing that a noble mind composes all physical features and makes them contribute to the charm such a personality exercises over the observer. Saint Gaudens's standing Lincoln has very largely fixed the idea of the man in the minds of the present generation.

So it will be with the great war. There are with us no great outstanding personalities—or at least none have yet emerged from the mists of history. In their place we have abstractions—particularly the airman, who has already begun to engage the attention of the sculptor. Weinman's beautiful figure of the youth gazing undaunted at the rising sun might well be taken as a memorial to the Wright brothers; Gutzon Borglum's aviator at the University of Virginia, Fraser's sketch from life, showing the boy-man face—these are forerunners.

An interesting contrast is to be noted in the city of Worcester. In front of the Court House, nobly placed, is French's equestrian statue of General Devens, soldier and jurist. At the City Hall is the same artist's seated figure of Senator Hoar, a fine characterization of that able statesman. On an open space, not far from the Devens, stands O'Connor's figure of a Spanish War soldier—a youth from the farm or workshop, a raw-boned, powerful American idealist—not an individual but a type.

So, too, the finest piece of sculpture representative of the Confederacy, so far as my knowledge goes, is the monument at Alexandria, Virginia, the figure of a young Confederate soldier, whipped indeed, but unconquered. The conception is Elder's, the execution is Buberl's. Few know the monument or the artists, and pedestal and setting do all they can to ruin the statue; but there it stands, within a few miles of the Capitol of the United States, a finer work of art than most of the bronze horsemen who encumber the public spaces of Washington. So it will be with the art of the Great War. The sculptor who has imagination and the gift of imparting charm to his conception will find in the ideas and ideals of the recent struggle the subjects for his creation-work.

The example set by the Dupont family in substituting for the commonplace figure of Admiral Dupont in Washington a fountain typifying the Wind, the Stars, and the Sea marks the path towards better standards in American art.

It cannot be expected that, with the multitude of works of sculpture which this war will call forth, more than a small proportion will achieve lasting distinction.

II—STILL SERVING WHERE THEY FELL

BY CHARLES H. FISKE, JR.

WHEN the great burst of National enthusiasm, arising from the awakened sentiment of the American people as to the causes and possible results of the great war, began to send forth to France the millions of our splendidly equipped National Army, the question of the final disposal of the bodies of those who might suffer death in the enterprise was not, could not be, fully envisaged. It was a subsidiary matter; the great thing then was to end the war by victory on the fields of battle. The magnitude of the effort required to win was not appreciated, and the length of time necessary to finish the job was underestimated, at any rate by the people at large.

It was generally understood that the bodies of those who fell should, if their families desired it, be returned to the United States for final burial. This understanding was partly due to the general belief that the matter was one for every afflicted family to decide for itself, and partly due to published utterances of public men, including, I believe, the Adjutant-General of the Army, who in such a matter might be assumed to speak in the name of the War Department and of ruling authority. It may be perhaps not unfair to consider that, when such pronouncements were made, the subject had not been viewed in the light of what has happened since; especially was it unknown that permanent cemeteries would be created in France for the reception of American dead.

When it became known in 1918 that a much greater effort and a longer time than originally contemplated would be required, the question of the return of the bodies of the dead was seen to be a much more difficult and complicated matter, and from then on a comprehension of the magnitude of the task has been generally spreading among our people. The large amount of shipping tonnage required, the vast labor of disinterring and transporting to ports the thousands of bodies, the incidental labor required to rearrange the American cemeteries to accommodate reverently the bodies there to remain (because it was and has always been clearly understood that the wishes of those families who desired the bodies of their fallen representatives to rest in those spots in France now sacred to American dead should be observed), today present a very large and costly problem. Because before long it will be incumbent upon the War Department to submit its final views to Congress, and because Congress will undoubtedly have to solve the problem, the writer desires to submit certain aspects of the matter to the public, especially to those who will forever mourn the loss from the family circle of a loved member.

The writer had the honor to serve as an American officer in France through the summer of 1918 and again through the summer of 1919. During both years he visited some of the American cemeteries and was enabled thereby to form certain opinions, which he herewith offers to those of his countrymen who were not so privileged.

No one can deny the right of those who lost their dear ones to the natural feeling that the bodies should be brought home, especially in cases where all that was received back, perhaps, was a small rusted identity disk, or some like symbol. To lay the revered remains to rest in the family lot in the home cemetery seems to many the only fitting ending; or that all the bodies brought home should be grouped together in some great American National Cemetery, such as Arlington.

On the other hand, many will prefer that the bodies in which they have the greatest interest shall remain in France. The writer remembers a conversation he had on this subject with Bishop Brent, the Principal Chaplain of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, in June, 1918, in which it was the view of both that if either met death, he would prefer that his remains should rest in France, where he was serving. In those days one felt it to be a glorious privilege to be in France with the American Forces. And the writer believes that a very large number—perhaps much more than a majority of those who fell—would have expressed before death a like preference. Men of all ranks and grades and kinds were imbued with constant pride in their service. That was partly, at least, why our Army did so well.

After the armistice this feeling of pride in service was largely superseded by a desire to chuck it all and to get home. Men who died after the great effort was over, when a distaste for the enforced further service had set in, might very well not have felt the same.

Now as to actual conditions in France. Some of our men who died overseas are buried in the military cemeteries of our Allies, some in small village cemeteries, but the great majority are buried in one or another of the American Military Cemeteries. All American dead in France, wherever buried, are under the care of the Graves Registration Service of the United States Army, which service is still operating in France. During the past year, wherever the isolated grave of an

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American was discovered, the body was disinterred and reburied in an American cemetery. In July, 1919, when the writer visited the largest American cemetery, that of Romagnes-Sous Montfaucon, where lie buried over twenty-two thousand Americans, the working parties were still bringing in occupants of isolated graves, but the Argonne region had been thoroughly gone over and practically all graves discovered. That cemetery is beautiful in its simplicity. On the slope of a broad hill, in the country over which our boys fought, on the south side of the highway that runs through the ruined village of Cunel and on the river Meuse, the cemetery, with its trim and orderly graves, grassed over, every grave with its plain white wooden cross bearing the name and the organization of its occupant, with its well-kept gravel paths, its plain wall bordering the road, its simple entrance, with large circular flower bed, and its flag-pole toward the upper end of the cemetery whereon floats the American flag, forms the greatest and most impressive monument of American valor in France. The same thing is true in greater or less degree of all the American cemeteries the writer has seen. The entire area in which American cemeteries are located is divided into eleven districts, every one under the care of a separate branch of the Graves Registration Service. Every branch is charged with the maintenance and care of all cemeteries in that area.

Soissons is the center for the region covering Château Thierry, Fère-en-Tardenois, Belleau Wood, etc. About seven kilometers south of Soissons on the main road to Paris, on a fine hill in smiling country, is one of our cemeteries where most, if not all, of the bodies are those of Marines. Many of these bodies were buried for a time in a smaller cemetery several miles to the southeast, now probably entirely evacuated and abandoned. To the north of the road from Paris through Meaux to Château Thierry there is another large American cemetery, not far from Belleau Wood.

At Suresnes, a suburb of Paris, across the Seine, is located an American cemetery on land given by the French Government, wherein are buried men brought from the front who died at the Paris hospitals or who died in service in or near Paris. A part only of this cemetery is at present occupied by graves. Beyond it rises a grove of beautiful trees; from the hill one enjoys a fine view toward Paris. This cemetery, near the fort of Mont Valérien, is on especially consecrated ground, because this hill was never taken by the Germans from the French in the Franco-Prussian War, and it held out till the end.

All the American cemeteries are substantially alike in plan—simple in design, well cared for, and very impressive in unornate dignity.

The writer remembers vividly Memorial Day, 1918, at Chaumont on the upper Marne (where was located throughout 1918 our General Headquarters), when, with his comrades, he attended the exercises in the small annex to the French cemetery in the valley, wherein were buried those of the Expeditionary Forces who had chanced to die before the great American military effort had begun. The French parish priest welcomed us in a beautiful and simple address. He and Chaplain Doherty repeated antiphonally the office for the dead; Chaplain Moody (son of the evangelist) read from Scripture, and Bishop Brent made a short and feeling oration. Then the Headquarters Company of Marines fired three volleys across the graves, and the echoes came rolling back from the surrounding hills.

When one gives a member of one's family to the military forces, the soldier becomes a public character, a public servant, and during his military life is subject to military order. If he falls, the family suffers the pain and the pride of the supreme sacrifice. No other sacrifice is comparable to this. In view of the great service to the future that the bodies of our dead may render, if their bodies are allowed to remain in France, one is led to wonder how many families will eventually be willing to make the further sacrifice in allowing their dead to remain.

No monument that America could ever erect in France could compare with our cemeteries in keeping alive the memory of all America did. They will serve constantly from generation to generation to foster reverence and mutual respect and understanding between the two free Republics; furnishing a tie of sentiment that never seemingly could be broken. Realizing this, that the young men, who so gladly gave their lives, are still by the presence of their bodies making forever more sacred the common cause, many doubtless will freely consent to their remaining forever in France, even if they had previously hoped to have the bodies brought home.

A plan has been made, it is understood, by the Graves Registration Service, the Red Cross, and the Y. W. C. A., whereby facilities will be arranged for relatives to visit the graves of their loved ones in France. Hostess houses will provide accommodation at the more remote cemeteries. This plan will help to remove the difficulty of travel in the battle areas. The writer believes that sentiment among those who have already visited France is greatly in favor of leaving our dead there, and he also believes that those who go there in the future will share the same feeling.

By the provisions of the "Bland" bill (H. R. 9927) now before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, it is proposed to create a commission of five, two civilian members and one apiece from the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps, to study the question of reinterment of the bodies and to arrange to reinter them in the United States in whatsoever cemetery the relatives may desire.

It is significant to note that for the purposes of the Act the sum of fifty million dollars is proposed to be appropriated. This sum, if all expenses, including labor, ocean and rail transportation, and suitable caskets, are to be met, will doubtless prove much too small; and if one adds the amounts already spent on those graves in France that may now be evacuated, the final cost of burial will be very large.

IN A CEMETERY

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

I cannot love these trim and ordered graves,
Set in straight rows, each with its monument,
So heavily defying earth's intent,—
The deep oblivion that the still dust craves.
I would lie lonely by the singing waves;
Or in rare company—where soldiers spent
Their dedicated lives, and rest content
With their rude crosses, built of rotting staves.

Leave me unknown where long sweet grasses stir,
With flowers and little wild feet overrun;
Where the spring wind shall be my messenger,
Voicing the radiant freedom I have won.
Let the wide planet be my sepulcher—
My casual ministrants her storm and sun.

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THE DAY'S WORK: A STORY OF TROUBLESOME CREEK

BY LUCY FURMAN

AUTHOR OF "MOTHERING ON PERILOUS," ETC.

IT was noon when Dr. Richard Helm reached the end of the railway and stepped from the train to the small, dingy station. Since five that morning he had come up from the fair, rolling pastures and stately homes of the Blue Grass to the rugged mountain section of his State. About it, because of the feuds and moonshine, he had always felt some curiosity; but now that Susanna Reeves dwelt in its very heart his interest was acute.

Half an hour later he set forth from the hotel in riding-clothes, his belongings in saddle-bags, and, slung from his shoulder, a case of surgical instruments Susanna insisted he should bring for some minor operations while on Troublesome.

As he passed he looked curiously at the gaunt, battered court-house, scene of various sieges and killings in a particularly bloody feud. Soon he reached the end of the town and turned up a creek which emptied there into the shallow river.

Taking Susanna's sheet of directions from his pocket, he read it again: "Follow Powderhorn Creek for about four miles to where it forks; take the Left Fork for three miles; then cross Nottingham Mountain to the head of Breakneck Creek; go down it five miles; then turn up Hardesty's Branch and cross White Doe Mountain, which will bring you to your night's stopping-place on the far side, Uncle Adam Howard's. Uncle Adam will give you directions for the second day, when you have seven or eight creeks to follow and three mountains to cross. It is on the second of these, Devon, that I shall try to meet you, about noon, with something to eat."

Looking about once more, he found himself plunged as profoundly into greenness and silence as if he were a thousand miles from humankind. The rocky creek-bed was the only road, and on either hand rose abrupt slopes covered with virgin forest. Over his head the tree branches often met.

The nearness and steepness of the mountains oppressed him—it was as if they crowded too closely upon his privacy and breathing-space. And he was in no mood to see any beauty in these green hills which had too long withheld Susanna from him. Shortly after their engagement she had made a visit to the mountains, there to become so absorbed in the settlement work and school on Troublesome Creek that, after three years, she was still postponing their marriage.

At first, since he must have time to establish himself in his profession, he had been patient enough, and even amused at the thought of his former butterfly engaged in labors that ranged all the way from having logs for the new buildings "snaked" down the mountain-sides by ox-team to watching over the dying and laying out the dead. But the time for patience was long since ended. He was twenty-nine, she twenty-four; their youth was going; the glimpses of her on flying visits home were tantalizing beyond endurance; and the infatuation with her work which was such a joke with her family and friends had become a serious and painful matter to him. Doubts as to her real love for him constantly tormented his mind. That a man should make his work paramount seemed to him commendable; but that a woman, and especially his Susanna, should do such a thing, was incomprehensible, even shocking. Since her latest plea for another six months had arrived two weeks before, wrath had filled his soul. He was on his way now to speak his mind once for all, to force her to an immediate choice between himself and her work.

All afternoon he rode along creek-beds or around steep sides of wooded mountains, and twice crossed over ridges, the whole time meeting only two or three men, and passing a few lonely log houses flanked by almost perpendicular corn fields.

When he reached Uncle Adam's house, in the valley of White Doe, his host and hostess were in bed asleep; but they rose cheerfully, and while Aunt Rhoda got another supper, Uncle Adam discoursed upon the subject of "them quare women on Troublesome," who for half a dozen years had stopped with him coming and going, and were valued friends.

"But the one I tuck the most liking to is that red-head Susanny. Man, with that air tenter skin, and them big brown eyes, and that head-piece sot on her shoulders pine-blank like the deer that roamed these parts when I were young, dad burn my soul if she hain't the pretty-lookingest gal ever rid down a creek! And the news comes acrost that she's the most workingest woman on Troublesome, too, not stopping at women's jobs, but shaming the men at theirn. All them fotched-on women is doing a powerful sight for young uns, and for grown-ups too, over Troublesome way; but for the pick give me red-head Susanny!"

From a deep sleep, in his bed opposite Uncle Adam's and Aunt Rhoda's, Richard was awakened before day, and after dressing while the family sociably conversed with him, washing on the porch, and eating a large and indigestible breakfast, he set forth again with minute directions from Uncle Adam, who followed him a few steps down the creek.

"Just a word," he said. "This here country is the most peaceablest under the sun-ball for women folks to travel in, and them women on Troublesome comes and goes as safe as in their own father's house; but a man-person is different—folks in gin'ral wants to know his business here. There's been a sight of trouble with low-down revenuers; and, too, the folks has a few wars amongst theirselves—little family affairs, you might say, that they don't want no outsiders a-spyin' on; and the citizens of this country is suspicious when they see a furriner come in. If they ax you your business, tell 'em plain and civil you're a doctor-man aiming to visit the quare women, and no man'll molest you. But don't get briggaty or feisty with 'em, or you may never see the level country no more."

The mist was so thick in the deep valley that nothing was visible ahead; but as Richard went on it lifted in great patches and rolled slowly up the mountain-sides, revealing a world all fresh, dewy, new-created. In the presence of so much beauty Richard was softened in spite of himself; there was a gush of tenderness for the erring Susanna. Maybe, after all, she did love him, as she said; maybe she was simply a modern survival of the ancient order of saints, ever delighting to sacrifice self in the service of others. He recalled some oft-reiterated words of hers: "How can I come back to a life of ease and idleness with so much here crying out to be done?" But quickly he hardened his heart again. No, if she loved him let her prove it once for all by returning with him, giving all else for him. He rehearsed the stern, the cutting things he intended to say to her.

It was about eight when he began the ascent of the first mountain. Soon he overtook a man, a woman, and two tiny children riding on a mule. Grave salutations were exchanged, and he was about to pass on when the man spoke.

"Stranger," he said, "where do you fare from, and what mought your business be?"

"I am from the Blue Grass, and my business is to doctor the sick," replied Richard, shortly; "I am on my way to the woman's school on Troublesome Creek."

The young woman, whose eyes were modestly cast down beneath her black sunbonnet, clutched her husband's arm. "He says he follers doctoring," she said; "ax him to take a look at Lorindy."

After some cogitation the young man spoke. "My woman's twin sister, little Lorindy Towles, she's a-fixing to die, up here on this mountain—been powerful bad for nigh a week. The word come to me and Loretty last night, and we are traveling to git there afore she goes."

Loretty wept noiselessly.

"Has she no doctor?" asked Richard.

"Oh, yes, right smart of a good one, too," replied the man. "Old Granny Givens, that follers doctoring with yarbs and sech through these parts. But I allow her time has come to go."

They rode on in silence, Richard dismissing the sick woman from his mind. When he spurred on his nag, the little mule, with its quadruple load, quickly caught up with him. On reaching the top, he was surprised, instead of the usual unbroken forest, to see a narrow clearing extending along the ridge, and a

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small log house fronting the trail. Along the edge of the porch sat or stood a number of stolid-faced, slouch-hatted men and boys, and through the open door came glimpses of a crowded room and sounds of loud weeping.

"She's gone, Lorindy's gone, I know she is!" wailed Loretty, slipping from the mule, baby in arms. But a man on the porch shook his head. "Not yit!" he said.

Loretty turned and laid an insistent little hand on Richard's bridle. "Come take a look at her!" she implored.

Impatiently, Richard threw his bridle over a paling and hurried in. "Is Granny Givens here?" he asked on the threshold, hat in hand.

The women and children packed in the sick-room forgot their weeping and wailing to stare. A little old woman rose up from some kettles at the fireplace, turned bright, surprised eyes on Richard, and came forward, with the words, "I'm her."

"I am Doctor Helm, from the Blue Grass," he said, "on my way to the school on Troublesome. They told me there was a sick woman here, and asked me to look at her. Of course I can do so only if you, her doctor, desire it. Do you wish to call me in consultation?"

The antagonism that had flickered for an instant in Granny's eyes gave way to eagerness as he proceeded.

"I do that," she said, heartily. "I'm proud the Lord sent you."

"Tell me about the case," he requested.

Very simply Granny gave an account of the five days of Lorindy's illness. "When they called for me and I come, she were already bad off, with a master fever. I seed from the start it were locked bowels, and went to work on her." Here followed a list of the laxative brews she had made and administered.

"Very good indeed," said Richard, in surprised approval. "No city doctor could have done more."

Granny straightened up; professional zeal shone in her wrinkled face. "I never stopped day nor night," she said, "nor left ondone nothing I knowed to do. But you look at her." She led the way to the bed.

On it, among the dark covers, and still wearing the dark cotton dress in which she had been smitten, lay a small woman, with lips and face fever-parched, and delirious, glassy eyes. Beside her a six-months-old baby cried and fretted, and over her bed climbed four other very small children, also crying and fretting. All about sat or stood women, with their children. One, sitting beside Lorindy, made futile raids upon the flies with a turkey-wing. There were no windows, the only light coming from the doors front and back.

Richard bent over Lorindy, loosened her clothing, and made a swift examination. "Your diagnosis is correct," he said to Granny. "Locked bowels, or what, in these days, we more often call appendicitis."

"I knowed as much," said Granny, gratified. "And you say I done all I could?"

"All that medicine could possibly do," he said. "Surgery might have done, might still do, more."

"You mean cyarving? Cutting into her?"

"Yes."

A gasp and a shudder ran through the room. The loud wailing which had ceased at Richard's entrance began again; over it the voice of Lorindy's mother rising in shrill monotone: "Oh, little Lorindy were allus the most gentlest and kindheartedest gal anywheres, all the time a-doing for ever'body else and a-slighting herself. And now there hain't no hope for her but to cyarve on her innards!" Loretty's responsive wail following: "She's got five pore little orphant young uns to leave in this lonesome world!"

At this instant a sullen-faced man appeared in the doorway from the porch. "What's this I hear tell about cyarving?" he asked. "Being Lorindy's man, I got a bound to know."

"The fotched-on doctor allows cyarving is the onliest thing that can save her," replied Granny. "He says I done all that medicine could do."

"Does he aim to cyarve on her hisself?" inquired the man.

"No," replied Richard. "I am only saying what surgery might do if you could get a surgeon at once. Is there none within reach?"

"The doctors in this country don't foller cyarving," said the man.

Richard stepped out into the porch and looked off at the mountain tops billowing away on every side. On one of those near-by ones to the eastward Susanna would meet him at noon. He thought rapidly.

A swift hand caught his arm. "You cyarve, don't you?" Granny inquired.

"Yes," he replied. "But I have a most important engagement on ahead—I—"

"You shorely hain't aiming to leave her if you can do anything!" she cried in amazement. Loretty came running also and clung to his other elbow. "She's got five pore little orphant young uns to leave in this lonesome world," she wailed.

"'Pears like no true doctor wouldn't let a body lay there and die if he knowed a way to save her," said Granny; and in her voice there was now a fine edge of scorn.

Richard turned his back into the house and examined Lorindy's pulse.

"I'll stay," he said, coming back to Granny, "if there is any way to make the operation safe. But it will be very difficult, and you must help me at every step."

Together they re-entered the house to look about, and then Richard drew Granny into a corner. "First of all," he said, "these people must every one be gotten out, and all the furniture except Lorindy's bed; the floor must be swept with a damp broom and scrubbed; Lorindy herself must have a hot bath, clean clothing, and clean bedding; there must be quantities of hot water for the cleaning and for sterilizing the instruments, and a table for the operating."

Granny rose to the occasion. "Here, all you womenfolks gethered from far and nigh for to see Lorindy die, clear out, for she's aiming to disapp'int you—take your cheers and your young uns and set out under the apple trees yander—me and the fotched-on doctor needs this here house for our doings! You, Jane, pick up Lorindy's least-one, here, and suckle hit—you allus got a-plenty of milk for three, let alone one—and then keep hit peaceified with a sugar-teat. And, Jerushy, you put a passel of 'taters in the ashes for to fill up her other offsprings and stop their feasing and fretting. You, Minta, build a fire under the wash-kettle out yander and fill hit from the spring, and then take some sand and scrub out one of them bean-kettles on the hairth and fill hit too. And a couple of you be ready for to wash up this here floor 'gin the water biles. You, Melindy, pack out them kivers and that feather bed off'n 'tother bed, where the young uns sleeps, and knock down the stead. And that air cupboard, too, git hit tuck out. And you, Drusilly, mount your nag and ride home the speediest you ever rid and fetch back two-three of them fine linen sheets you spun and wove when you was married, and have kep' laid away for births and buryings ever sence, not having no call for neither, with nary child to come or go. Likewise fetch a couple of them linen shifts you got there for moth and rust to consume and thieves to bust through and steal, pore little Lorindy, your own borned cousin, not having but one to her back, and that wore till hit's pure rags. Bring a pair of your fine blankets, too, and a passel of towels—I know what a master-hand you are for weaving, but likewise for keeping. Hit's a scandal to the toad-frogs the way people will gether and gether, and lay up and lay up, when others alongside 'em is naked and starving. Shoo out, now, the whole biling of you, all and sing'lar—I'll call for them I need!"

Soon the room held nothing but the bed, the patient, Granny, and two scrubbers. A little later Richard and Granny stripped the soiled quilts from the bed and the soiled clothes from Lorindy's body, gave her a quick hot bath, and dressed her in a set of Richard's pajamas. The table, a home-made affair of two planks, was scrubbed and brought in from the small lean-to which served as kitchen and dining-room, and on it, upon one of his own towels, Richard spread the contents of his surgical case, preparatory to sterilizing them in the bean-kettle.

Lorindy's "man" entered once or twice, gazed sullenly at the busy preparations, in which he made no offer to assist (that would have been beneath the dignity of a mountain man), and went back to low-toned conferences with a knot of men on the far end of the porch.

At last Drusilly returned with the sheets, blankets, towels, and shifts (long chemises much resembling modern nightgowns), the bed was made clean and fair, and Lorindy was lifted to the operating table. It was noon, just the hour Richard should

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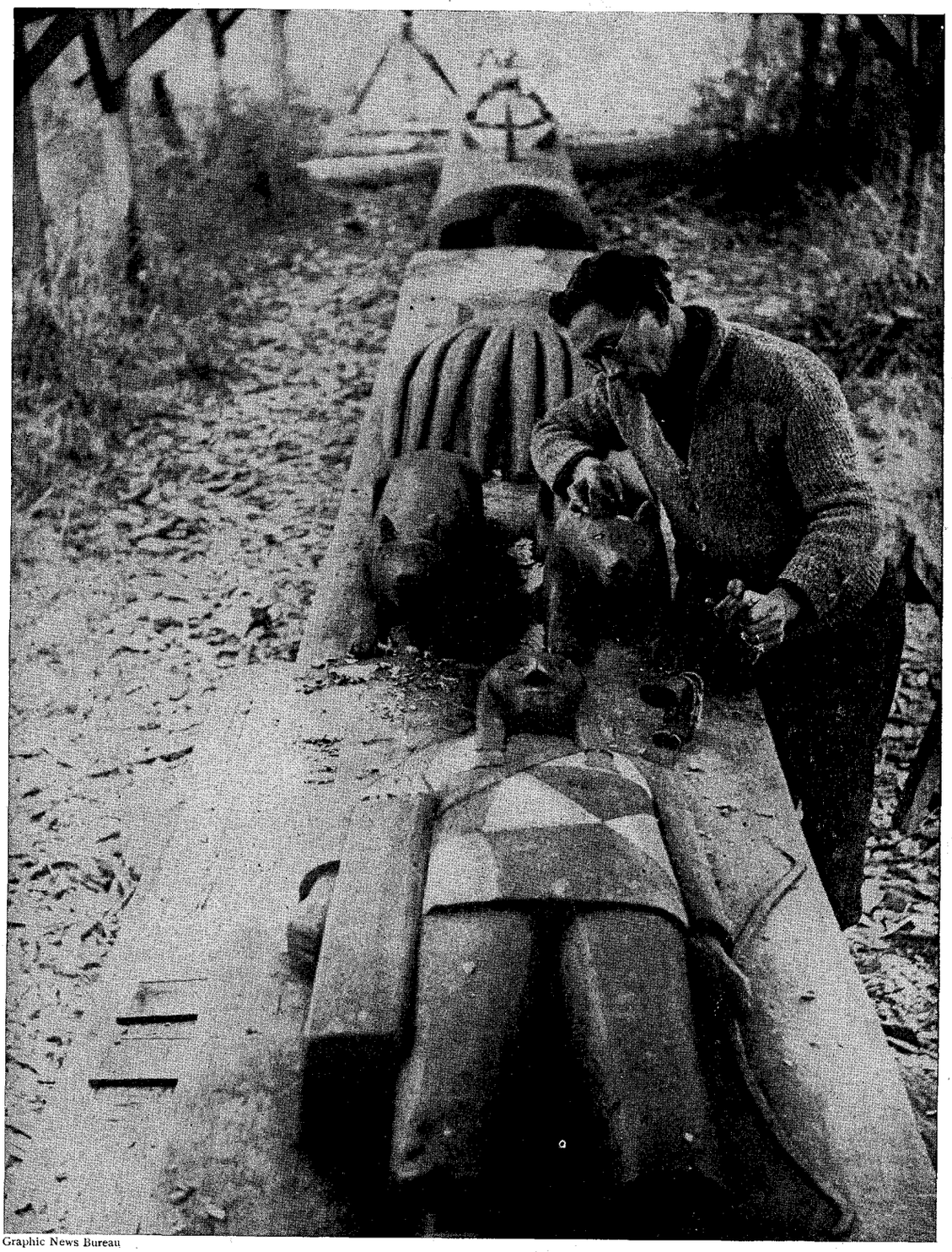

Graphic News Bureau

CARVING A GREAT TOTEM POLE FOR AN INDIAN SCHOOL IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON

The picture shows William Shelton, a full-blooded Indian, at work on a totem pole which it is proposed to erect at the entrance to the Tulalip Indian School in western Washington. He has, it is said, worked on this pole, which symbolizes the history of the Snohomish tribe of Indians, for 3,600 hours. When finished the pole, which is made from a huge cedar log six feet in diameter, will stand 84 feet high

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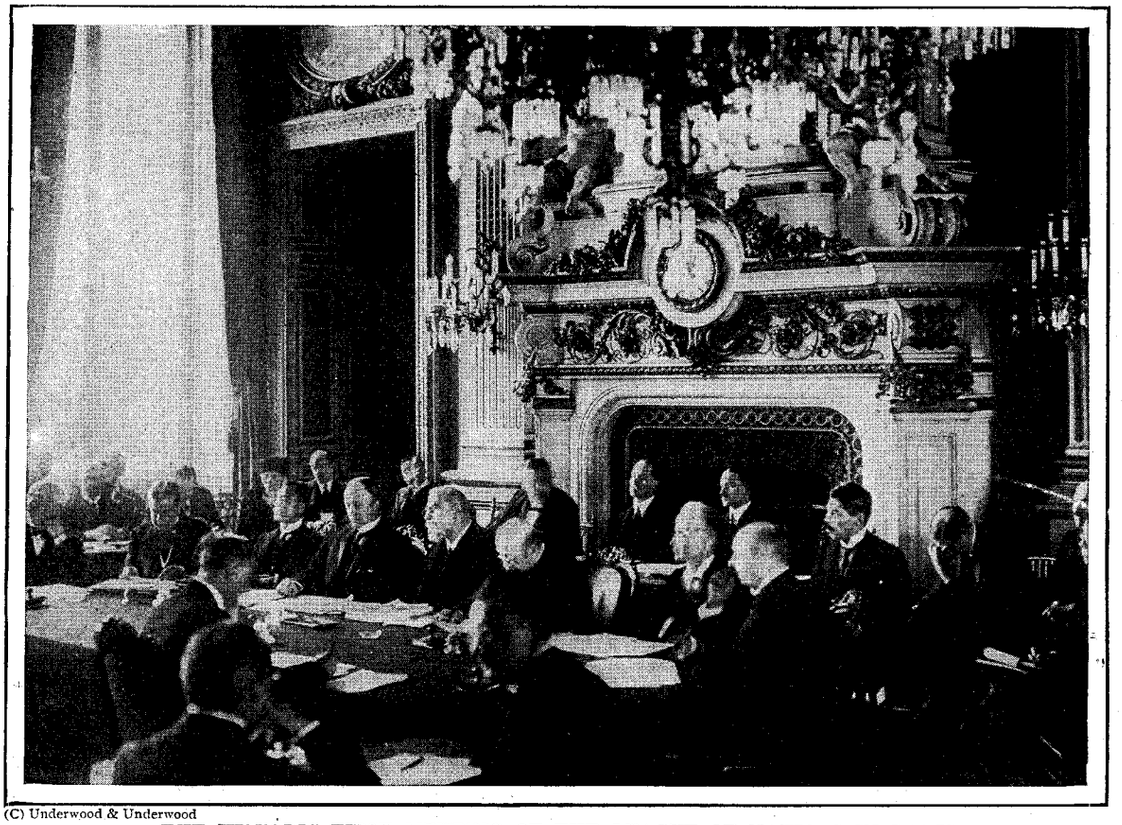

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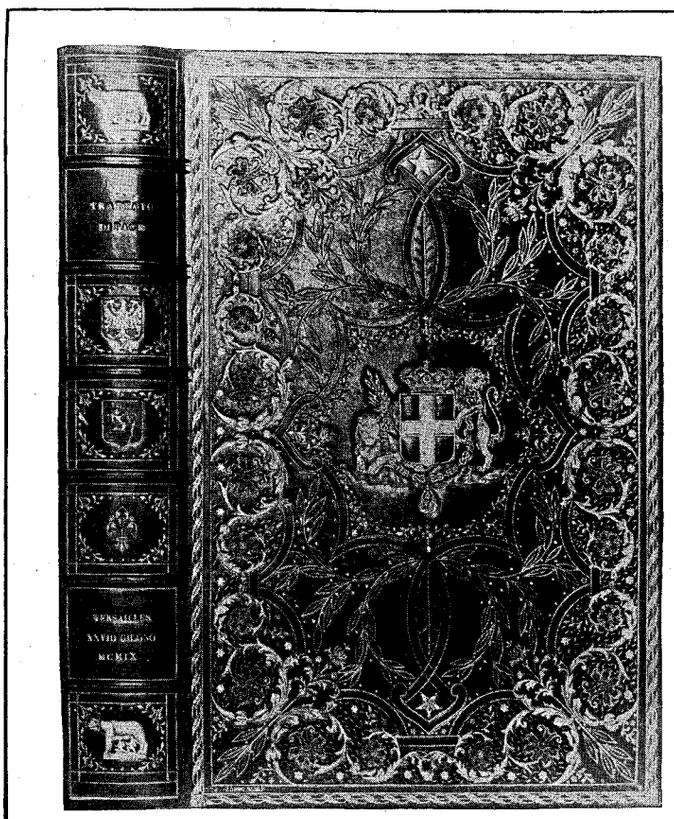
THE HISTORIC FIRST MEETING OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IN PARIS

The photograph shows the Clock Room of the French Foreign Office on the Quai d'Orsay, on the banks of the Seine; it was taken January 16, 1920. Seated at the large table, left to right, facing front: Premier Venizelos, of Greece (at extreme left, resting head on hand); Dr. Gastoa de Cunha, of Brazil; Baron Matsui, of Japan; Lord Curzon, of England; Léon Bourgeois, President of the French Senate and Permanent Chairman of the League of Nations; Signor Ferraris, of Italy; Paul Hymans, of Belgium; Count Quinones de Léon, of Spain



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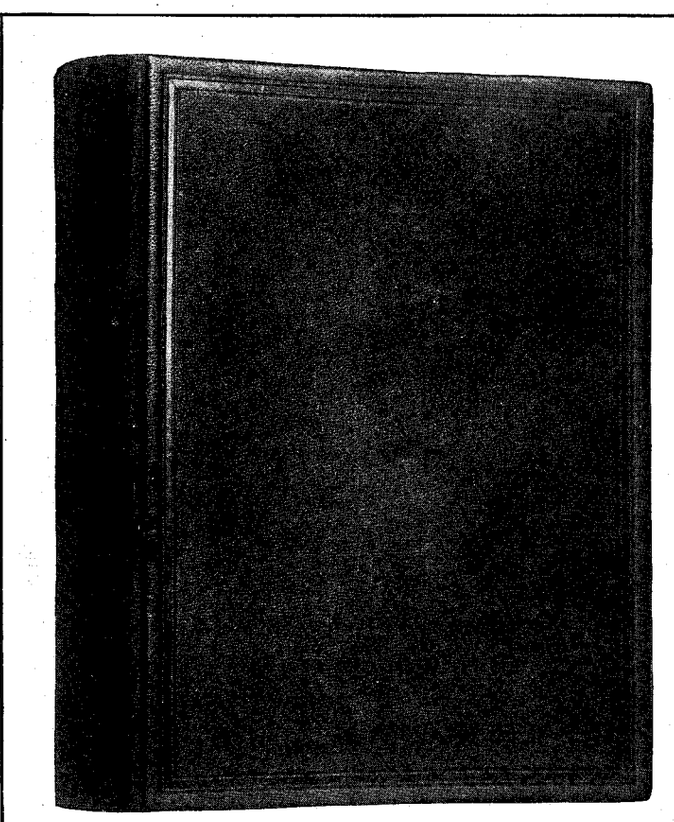
ITALY'S COPY—ORNATELY BOUND



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GERMANY'S COPY—PLAINLY BOUND

THE PEACE TREATY BOUND IN BOOK FORM FOR PRESERVATION BY THE NATIONS

Each of the subscribing nations received a bound copy of the Peace Treaty, similar to the above; the gay appearance of Italy's copy and the unrelieved somberness of the German copy are perhaps mute expressions of the sentiments of the respective recipients aroused by the contents of these momentous volumes

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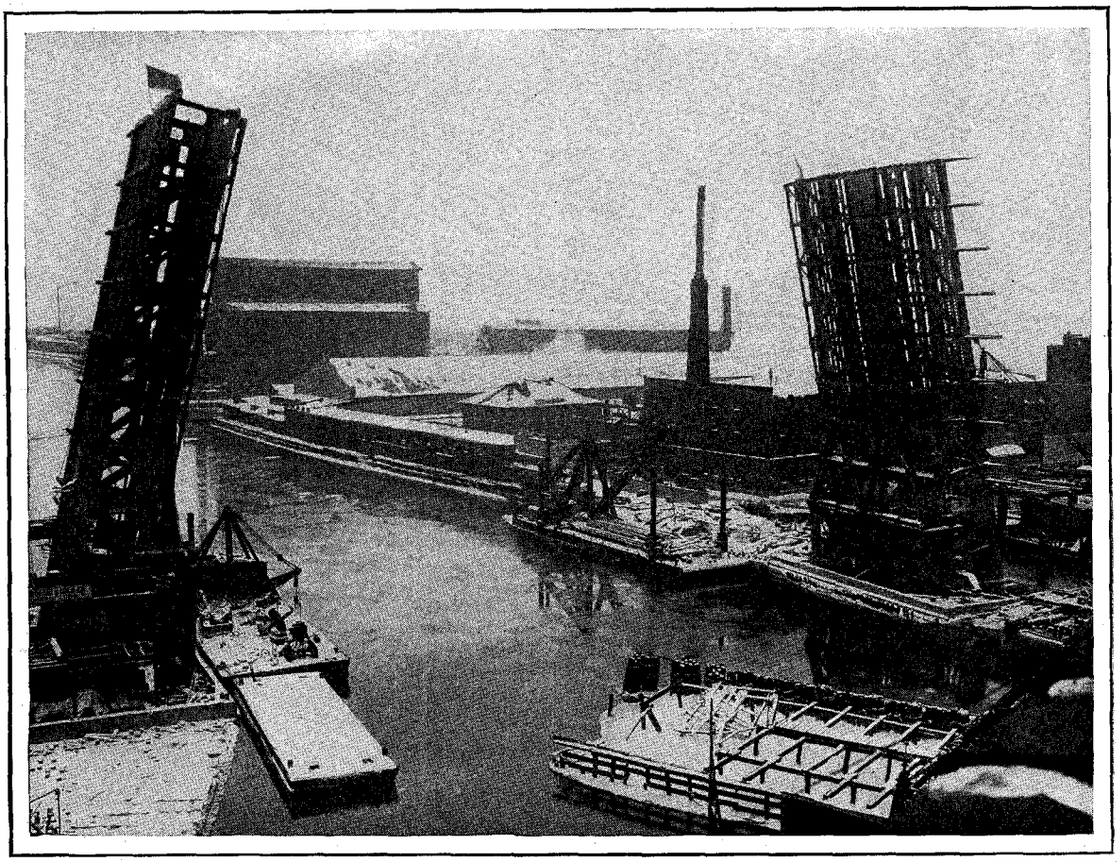
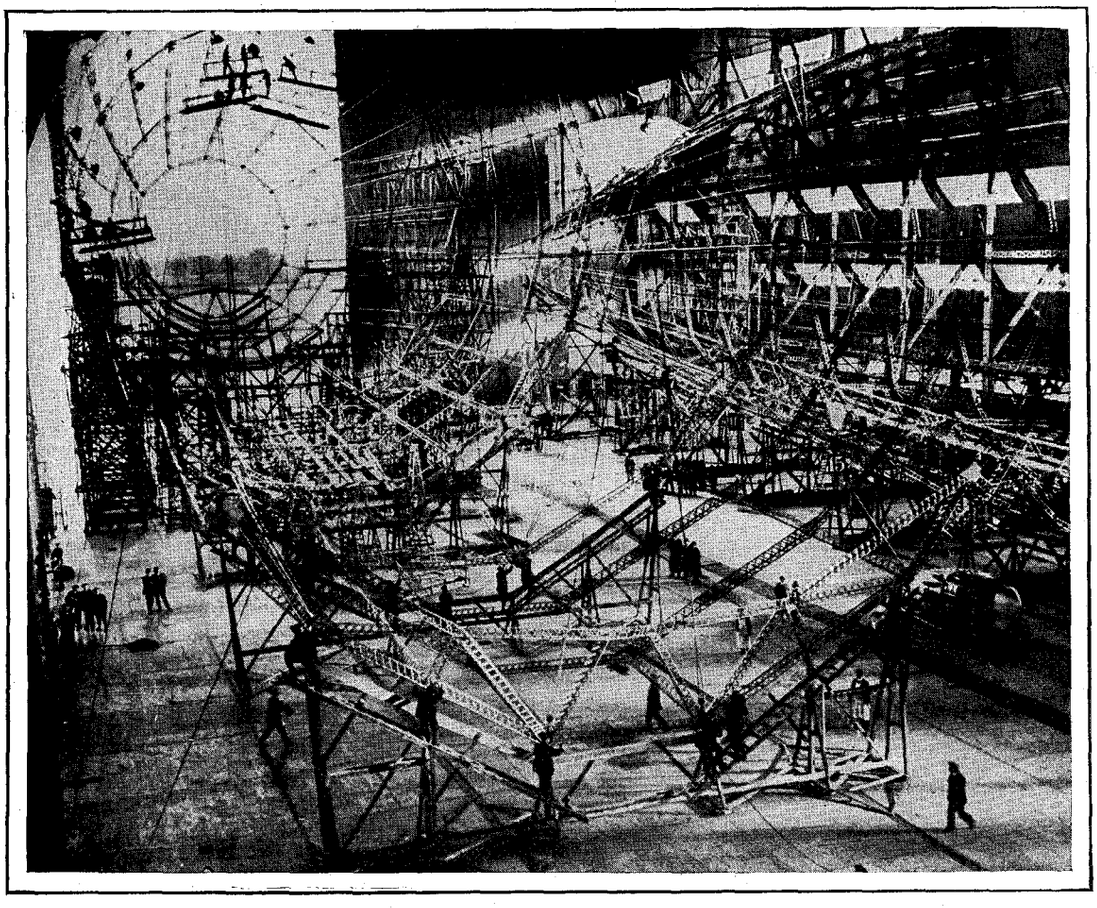


A NEW BASCULE BRIDGE IN CHICAGO

This bridge, said to be the largest of its type (breaking in the center), is of 220 feet span; it will be operated by electricity; it is built of steel, of which 3,700 tons are used in the bridge and 5,000 tons in the approaches. Automobiles are to use the upper deck and trucks and other vehicles will cross on the lower level



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BUILDING A GREAT DIRIGIBLE THAT MAY CROSS THE ATLANTIC

This dirigible, to be called the R-38, is shown under construction in the plant at Bedford, England. Another dirigible, the R-37, nearly finished, is seen at the right

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have met Susanna; but he did not once so much as think of her—he was all surgeon, keen, capable, absorbed in his work, intent on one thing alone—saving the life of this dying woman.

Swathing Granny in one of the sheets and tying gauze about her head and his own, and at the same time instructing her in the administering of the ether, he drew on his operating gown and rubber gloves and laid his instruments on sterilized gauze at the end of the table.

Then Granny pressed the funnel over Lorindy's face, Richard counting the pulse, which, alas! was dangerously weak. He believed that he could get her through the operation if she could only survive the anæsthetic.

At last the patient was fully etherized, and Richard stood, knife in hand, ready to make the incision.

At this instant his light from the doorway was shut off, and, looking up, he saw Lorindy's "man," with the four others, file silently in and take their stand against the wall. Then, as one, each man raised a rifle slowly to his shoulders and took careful aim along its barrel. Took aim—at what? Surely not at himself?

Unable to believe his eyes, he demanded sharply, "What does this mean?"

"Nothing, stranger," replied Lorindy's husband, in a low, drawling voice, "but that ef you kill little Lorindy a-cyarving on her, we aim to kill you straightway. 'A' eye for a' eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life,' says the Scripter—hit ain't nought but God's jestice. Me and my brothers hain't got no great of confi*dence* in cyarving, noway—we have heared how you fine-haired furrin doctors cuts up folks jest to git their bones to string together, or for to behold the maneuvers of their insides. And we allowed you would go more keerful-like, and not do no projeckin', with five steel bar'ls p'inted your way. Long as Lorindy lives, stranger, you live; when she dies, you die."

Richard lowered the hand that held the knife and asked sternly: "If you objected to the operation, why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"Oh, I hain't got nothing ag'in the oppy*ra*tion, so's you don't make no wrong passes and kill her. But shore's you do, hit's a life for a life, like I told you."

"But I said at the beginning I could not promise to save her—that it was simply a last hope. In her weak condition, either the nervous shock or the ether might easily kill her."

"Well, it behooves you, stranger, to see that they don't," replied Lorindy's man, sighting down his gun-barrel.

Granny took a step forward. "Hiram Towles," she exclaimed, "I allus knowed you was a mean man, glorying in 'stilling and drinking and shooting and sech, and leaving pore little Lorindy to do the work and tend the craps while you rid around on your devilment; and if she dies, you holp more'n anybody to lay her in her grave. But this here you're a-doing to-day is the meanest, low-downest, God-defyingest act you ever done—to strike at them that's trying to benefit you, and then fetch up Scripter for hit. Lorindy, she wouldn't thank you for hit, and her offsprings wouldn't, and her maw wouldn't; and as fer me, if you kill that-air doctor man, I'll travel to the eends of the airth to testify ag'in you and bring you to the rope!"

Hiram scorned to notice her. "'A' eye for a' eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life,'" he repeated, grimly.

But Richard was again raising the hand with the knife in it, and motioning impatiently to one of the brothers who still occupied part of the doorway. "Get out of my light, and stay out of it!" he ordered, sharply. "I propose to save this woman's life if I can."

Granny made a queer little sound, between a sob and a snort of defiance, shook a trembling fist in Hiram's direction, and again pressed the funnel over Lorindy's face.

For an hour the guns pointed unceasingly at the dark head which was not again lifted from its work. When some of the men were compelled to lower weapons and rest cramped arms, others kept constant vigil. The slightest nervousness in those long, delicate, agile fingers, the least hairbreadth slip of the knife, and darkness would shut down over three lives. But Richard had never worked so coolly, so calmly, with such assurance of power. Now and then he stopped an instant to feel Lorindy's pulse, speak a word to Granny, or give a hypodermic stimulant.

At last the bloody work was done, the incision sewed up and bandaged, Lorindy's almost lifeless body was lifted back to the bed, and Richard, holding her wrist, stood awaiting the very uncertain return to consciousness. Granny, with gray, drawn face, held the wrist on the other side, never once removing her eyes from those of Hiram and his brothers. Richard saw nothing; his one thought was still his patient, whose pulse fluttered so feebly, so almost imperceptibly.

A slight sound caused him to look up. Susanna stepped lightly into the doorway and stood with quick, inquiring eyes, taking in the bed, the patient, Richard, and Granny. Then suddenly her glance included the five men, the five set faces, the five pointing guns. Instantly the rich color was drained from her face, the smile died on her lips, she stood with dilated eyes, rooted, speechless. After a long moment she commanded her voice, the sound of which came back to her as across far waters.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked, addressing Richard.

He was silent; but after a little Hiram responded. "Hit means if that-air furrin doctor-man kills my woman a-cyarving on her, he aims to git kilt hisself," he said, doggedly. "'A' eye for a' eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life.'"

Susanna stepped slowly, carefully forward, until she confronted Hiram.

"There is some mistake here, some strange misunderstanding," she began, in a voice which trembled at first but soon became steady. "No mountain man ever forgot a benefit or was false to a friend. You may, and do, kill your enemies; but first, last, and always, you will die for your friends.

"But possibly you don't realize how truly Doctor Helm *is* your friend, and what he is trying to do for you. Though I am sure he very much wanted to hasten on, he has stopped here to-day, in the kindness of his heart, to try every means known to science and skill to save your wife's life. If he doesn't save it, nobody can. You know the women on Troublesome—I am one of them—and you will take my word for it when I tell you there is no better surgeon in the State, or in many States, than Doctor Helm. Also, though down in the Blue Grass he gets five hundred, a thousand dollars, even more, for operations, he charges you not one cent, asking absolutely nothing in return except your gratitude and friendship.

"Another thing; it was doubtless a real cross to him to be delayed here to-day, because"—and as she paused for an instant a faint color rose in her cheeks again—"because he was riding to meet me. You see, he and I are engaged to be married. I have loved him ever since I was a baby. I have always thought him the best and ablest of men—now I know too, to-day, that he is the bravest!

"You men of the mountains are brave too, afraid of nothing, as all the world knows. And you recognize courage when you see it. You have watched him go ahead with his task here, in the very teeth of death, caring nothing for his own danger, intent upon one thing only, saving his patient's life. If you live a thousand years you'll never see a braver deed, and you will appreciate it, *do* appreciate it, even if your wife's life cannot be saved.

"And now that you understand how things are, I ask you, one and all, to step over and give Doctor Helm the hand of friendship. Even," she added in a lower voice, "even if it must be over her dead body."

There was a moment of intense silence, when no one so much as stirred. Then, shifting his rifle to his left arm, Hiram advanced slowly to the bedside, and, without a word, stretched a bony hand across to Richard. His four brothers followed suit. Then all stood silent about the bed, awaiting the end, which was apparently at hand.

Instead of the expected death-rattle, however, they heard, after some seconds, Richard's voice saying quietly to Granny, "Her pulse seems a shade better," then, "It seems stronger still, the color is returning to her lips," and Granny's irrepressible "Glory to God!"

Ten minutes more and the patient was breathing normally, and Granny delightedly fanning her with the turkey-wing. The men filed out on to the porch, and Richard, turning to the table, was about to gather up his instruments.

It was then that Susanna came close to his side, with clenched hands and fierce,

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indignant eyes. "How *could* you do it? How could you do it?" she exclaimed, passionately.

"Do what?" he asked, amazed at the outburst.

"Risk your life in that hideous way! Those men would have shot you without the least hesitation, and thought they were doing their duty. Had I been an instant later, I might have found you dead!"

"Well, what of it?" he asked, with a little shrug of the shoulders. "It was all in the day's work. I couldn't let the woman die."

"But even if you didn't think of yourself, what about *me?* Didn't you give *me* a thought in the matter?" she demanded, angrily.

"No," Richard confessed, "I suppose I didn't. You see, I was very much absorbed in the case."

"Your work was everything—I was nothing?"

A slow smile dawned in Richard's tired eyes and spread to his lips. "I suppose my work was to me for an hour what yours has been to you for three years," he said. Then, more seriously: "If I *had* thought of you, Susanna, it would have been only to say, 'If anything happens to me, she will never miss me—she'll console herself quickly enough with her work.'"

Susanna wrung her hands. "You are cruel, cruel!" she said. "Oh, and I might have found you dead!"

She reached toward him, ran her hands swiftly over his face, his head, his shoulders, as if to make sure he was there; then she flung her arms about his white-swathed figure, sobbing tempestuously.

"I'll never let you out of my sight again!" she repeated many times in the next ten minutes.

"But," he ventured at last, when the storm was somewhat quieted, "what about your work these six months?"

"Oh, it is nothing—nothing—let somebody else do it!" she cried upon his shoulder.

It occurred to Richard that, were he truly magnanimous, he would nobly reply, "No, no, take your six months more. Now that I know what I longed to know I can wait."

But, alas for human selfishness, he only smiled a little to himself as, crushing her more closely to him, he acquiesced:

"Yes, darling, let somebody else do it!"

COMMUNITY CIVICS

A PRACTICAL EDUCATIONAL COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP

XIV—MAKING THE LAWS

BY THOMAS P. MURPHY

OF THE DE WITT CLINTON HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY

INTRODUCTION

In spite of the fact that everybody suspected his practices and kept the doors locked, occasionally it would seem that Lem Kemple was going to get into trouble; but he never did. Mr. Wald always fixed it up.

The church bell was cracked. It needed only the impetus imparted by an enterprising person in heading a subscription paper to insure the installation of a new one. The first name on the list was Mr. Wald's.

Mr. Wald sang in the church choir, spoke at the graduating exercises, was president of the bank and adviser of the assessors.

Mr. Wald was the leading man of a small city. It was rumored that he owned some mysterious business in the metropolis which had to do with powdered soapstone and talcum powder. At any rate, he was a wonder, a friend of the poor and the well-to-do, of the good and the bad alike. No public enterprise was initiated if Mr. Wald wrinkled his brow when it was mentioned. Mr. Wald was the law. He was popular and it pleased him.

When the State authorities notified the city that a new school building was needed and must be built, Mr. Wald advised against it, stating that it would increase the tax rate. He said, "We will build schoolhouses when and as often as we see fit." His advice was followed and the community was punished for disobeying the State law. Mr. Wald was held immune, however, and a deluge of criticism was hurled at the makers of such "unjust and senseless" laws. The Legislature was "corrupt." Mr. Wald should be sent to promote the making of good laws by that body.

In the Legislature Mr. Wald's personality failed to command the obeisance he had enjoyed at home. His ideas of lawmaking were small and personal. He was unable to find the Lem Kemples who would "vote right" if protected in licensed wrongdoing. Mr. Wald discovered that he was unpopular. He was grieved and furious.

However, he did have some influence through the patronage which his position allowed him to dispense among secretaries and clerks. Since popularity was not offered him, he won a certain amount of regard by making "fifty-fifty" appointments—his ten-dollar-a-day appointees were obliged to drop half their salaries into the "general fund."

Somebody was a "traitor." Some "miserable politician" told on Mr. Wald. Henceforth he was known as Old Wald. He was impeached by a majority of the representatives, tried before the Senate and the Court of Appeals, found guilty, and sent home in disgrace.

There's more to the story. Ask any business man of that city. Yes, Old Wald died in Atlanta. Soon after he was sent home from the capital, we found that his famous soapstone interests were bucket-shops in New York City. He caught us, all told, for about $150,000. I had some of his confidential stock myself. He certainly did hoodwink this town. It will take us a generation to live it down, but in the meantime we are making it our business to see that when we send a man to the capital to represent this district in lawmaking we know what we are doing.

FRANK A. REXFORD.

The Need for Government

WE are citizens of a wonderful city. Almost every race known to man is represented in our cosmopolitan population. Can you imagine what would happen if each citizen of our city of six million were a law unto himself, were to go his way regardless of the rights of others? Such a situation would be unthinkable. A club, a baseball team, a scout troop, could not exist without rules. How much more does a great city like New York need rules or laws to guide its citizens in their every-day relations!

To maintain peace and order we must have laws. Individuals must be controlled for the good of the community. The power which maintains peace and order and which lays down the rules by which a community shall be guided is called the government. The word "government" once had an odious meaning. It meant the rule of kings and emperors who imposed their will on their subjects in days gone by. "Government" no longer means unwilling obedience on the part of the people to tyrant kings. To-day government is the servant of the people. They create it, own it, and change it at will. Government is an instrument in the hands of the people which they may use in any way they see fit to promote their own welfare.

In many small towns in New England, even to this day, all the electors meet every year to select officers and make their laws or ordinances. At these meetings

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the people act directly in making their laws. This is an ideal plan of government, called a pure democracy. Of course such a method would be out of the question for a city of six million people. The Polo Grounds, the Lewisohn Stadium of the City College, and Madison Square Garden could hold but one per cent of all the people of our city were they to gather to make their own laws. To transact public business for so many people it becomes necessary for them to choose from among their number men to act for them. These representatives make up the legislative department of the government—the United States Senate, the House of Representatives, the State Assembly, and the City Board of Aldermen. Thus we have three sets of representatives, National, State, and City, who make laws for us.

Laws of New York State

Nearly every activity of our every-day life is controlled by the laws of our State. Where Federal laws touch the citizen once, State laws affect him hundreds of times.

The law of the State provides for the registration of your births, maintains a splendid system of free schools for your education, establishes standards and regulations for the professions or trades you may enter, safeguards the family, protects your life and property, enables you to vote and hold office and to carry on your business.

The State Constitution

The original Constitution of the State of New York, the fundamental law of the State, was framed in 1777 by a legislative body which acted under authority granted to it by the people. Since then many amendments have been made to the original Constitution. The Constitution itself provides for a process of revision and amendment. Every twentieth year the people are asked to decide whether or not there shall be held a convention to revise and amend the Constitution. If a majority of the voters of the State want a convention, it will be held. Thomas Jefferson was of the opinion that the people of each generation should decide for themselves the form of government they desire to live under, and it has become a common practice in most States to submit the question of the form of government to the voters.

Our State Constitution contains carefully worked out plans for the calling of Constitutional Conventions. The voters of each Senate district elect three delegates, and fifteen delegates are elected by a State-wide vote. With clerks, stenographers, and members of the Constitutional Convention all counted, we have a body of two hundred men engaged at the State Capitol in the task of revising and amending the fundamental law of the State. The result of the labors of this body is submitted to popular vote, and, if approved, the proposed Constitution goes into effect on the first of January following.

Amendments to the State Constitution may be proposed at any time in the State Legislature. If a majority of the members of each house favor the amendment, it has to be passed upon a second time by a Legislature which is to be elected at the next general election of Senators. If approved by this body, by a majority vote in each house, the people are asked to vote on the amendment at the next general election. The approval of a majority of the voters makes the amendment a part of the Constitution the first of January following.

At the general election in November, 1919, four such amendments were submitted to the people of our State. They rejected two amendments which were intended to increase the pay of judges of the Court of Appeals and of Senators and Assemblymen.

In 1915 the people of the State rejected entirely the work of the Constitutional Convention. In these cases we have a striking illustration of the proposition that the people can have what they want. They alone can change the fundamental law of the State. Yet the soap-box orator would have the people believe that the government is not theirs. The government will be as good as the people make it.

The State Legislature

The Legislature of our State is made up of two chambers having practically equal lawmaking powers—the Senate and the Assembly. In the upper house, the Senate, there are at the present time fifty-one Senators, one from each of the Senatorial districts into which the State is divided. At the same election at which a Governor is chosen the voters of each Senatorial district elect a State Senator for a term of two years. The lower house, the Assembly, is composed of 150 members chosen at each general election for a term of one year by the voters, one from each of the 150 Assembly districts in our State.

The Lieutenant-Governor acts as President of the Senate, and in the House the members choose a Speaker to preside. Senators and Assemblymen receive $1,500 annually.

The bicameral system was devised so that one house would be a check on the other to prevent hasty, unwise, or partisan action. But under modern parliamentary rules involving the printing of all measures, open public hearings before committees, three readings of bills, the Governor's veto power, the danger of such ill-considered action is small. Moreover, when, as usually happens, the same political party controls both houses, the theory that one house will check the other does not amount to much. If the respective houses are dominated by different parties, a deadlock results. The two-house system, moreover, increases the cost and complexity of the legislative machinery and encourages compromises and political bargainings.

The Legislature holds an annual session, which begins on the first Wednesday in January, and which usually lasts, with brief adjournments, for three or four months. The Governor has the power to convene the Legislature in special session.

The procedure of the State Legislature follows, in a general way, that of Congress. Much of the preliminary work of the Legislature is done by committees. There are usually thirty or more important committees in each house. A Senator or Assemblyman may be a member of several different committees. Some of them have important work to do and meet very often; others find it necessary to meet but seldom. The most important are the Standing Committees, which are permanent, as distinguished from Special Committees, appointed from time to time for some particular purpose. Among the important committees in the Senate are those on finance, judiciary, cities, public education, labor and industry, and taxation and retrenchment. The Assembly has similar important committees.

As soon as a measure is introduced in either house it is referred by the presiding officer to the appropriate committee, which carefully studies the proposed measures. Serious consideration of these measures would be impossible on the floor of either the Senate or the House, for thousands of measures are proposed. Time will not permit their proper consideration, and hence the committee system is necessary. As various measures come up before the respective committees, they proceed to a careful study of their merits. After due deliberation the committee reports the measure with its recommendation to the Senate or the Assembly, as the case may be. Most measures are never reported out of committee and therefore are said to be "killed in committee." The Senate or the House votes on the measure after it has been sent out of the committee room.

The procedure by which a bill becomes a law is a very complicated one. Briefly, the first step necessary is to draw up the bill properly. A misplaced comma may change the entire meaning and effect of a law. Hence New York maintains a Legislative Bill Drafting Commission with a corps of experts to assist legislators in drafting bills. The drafted bill is then presented, is read by title only, and is referred to the proper committee by the presiding officer. If it is an important measure, the committee gives it a place on the calendar and perhaps assigns a date for a public hearing. Any one interested may appear for or against the bill at this hearing and submit arguments. The hearing may last a few hours or several days, depending on the interest that has been aroused. Some time later the committee in private or executive session decides whether to report favorably or unfavorably on the measure.

When the report is sent back, the bill is listed on the calendar and in turn comes up before the whole chamber, which may accept or reject the report of the committee. If the report is accepted, the bill reaches the next stage, the second reading. The chief debate, if any, occurs at this time. Unless the bill is defeated,

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it is placed on the calendar for a third reading. If it is passed at this reading, it is ordered engrossed and is forwarded to the other chamber, where it goes through a similar course of three readings.

If no amendments are offered in the other house, the bill is enacted and is sent to the Governor for his signature. Should amendments be offered, the bill is sent to the chamber where it originated so that the amendments may be voted on.

The Governor has the power to veto this bill or any other enactment of the Legislature except an amendment to the State Constitution. He must return the bill within ten days to the house where it originated with his reasons for the veto. This veto defeats a bill unless both houses pass it again by a two-thirds vote, in which case it becomes a law without the Governor's signature. If the bill is not returned within ten days, Sundays excepted, it becomes part of the statute law without his signature. If the Legislature adjourns after sending a bill to the Governor, he has thirty days in which to consider it. In the case of appropriation bills he may veto any item without vetoing the entire bill.

It is impossible for the State to manage the purely local affairs of all the villages, towns, and cities within its borders. Therefore it delegates some of its powers to these villages, towns, and cities. The Legislature can create and destroy these municipal corporations at pleasure.

Government of New York City

The basis of self-government in New York City, then, is found in the grant of power from the State Legislature known as the Charter of the City of New York. The first Greater New York Charter of 1897 was amended by the Legislature in 1901, and it is this charter, with many amendments, that is now in force. It has been severely criticised as being hopelessly complex and involved, and several commissions have been appointed to revise it, but without much success. The earliest extant charter of London, granted by William the Conqueror in 1066, contains about sixty words. Our charter is a volume of about one thousand closely printed pages. Many of the details therein should have been regulated by ordinances of the Board of Aldermen. The charter, however, contains but a small part of the statute law dealing with Greater New York. The Code of Criminal Procedure, the Code of Civil Procedure, the Municipal Court Act, the Tenement House Law, and other laws contain many provisions affecting New York City.

The State Legislature, having supreme authority, is constantly interfering in the affairs of local government by means of amendments to the charter and by special laws. In order, therefore, to secure to the city a measure of "home rule" the New York State Constitutional Convention of 1894 placed in the Constitution a provision for a municipal veto on special legislation in regard to cities.

Under this provision any laws passed by the Legislature regarding New York City alone are immediately sent to the Mayor for action within fifteen days. If he approves of the measure, he signs it and it is sent to the Governor. If the Mayor refuses to give his consent, the measure must be passed over again by a majority of both branches of the Legislature before being sent to the Governor.

This measure has had a beneficial effect, especially in the case of a "pocket veto," for if the legislative session ends before the fifteen days allowed for the Mayor's action the veto of the city is absolute.

Many State functions are performed by the city as the agent of the State. Among these may be mentioned the administration of justice, the prevention and punishment of crime, the suppression of vice, the protection of public health, the care of dependents and defectives. Education is distinctively a State function, but the city has developed this service far beyond the minimum of efficiency set by the State.

The Board of Aldermen

Under the charter the local government of the city is intrusted to various officials and departments having legislative, executive, and administrative functions. Let us give our attention to the legislative or lawmaking branch of the city government—the Board of Aldermen. The city legislature consists of seventy-three members—sixty-seven aldermen elected from aldermanic districts for two years, the President of the Board of Aldermen elected at large for four years, and the five borough presidents. The head of each city department is entitled to a seat but not to a vote in the Board, and he must attend its meetings when required. The Board must meet at least once a month except during August and September. Its stated meetings are held in the Aldermanic Chamber at the City Hall on Tuesdays at 1:30 P.M. On the following Thursday the minutes of the meeting are printed in the "City Record," the official journal of the city of New York. Any one may attend these meetings.

The Board may make, amend, and repeal all ordinances, which are to be found in the Code of Ordinances. This code, like the city charter, is a very voluminous document. Although considerable power is given to the Board by the charter, its power is limited as a practical matter. Pressed by the superior powers of the State Legislature on the one hand and by those of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment on the other, the Board of Aldermen is a body exercising few important functions. Until recently the Board had power to grant licenses for street news-stands, bootblacks, and for many other purposes.

This license-granting power has been transferred in part to the Department of Licenses and in part to the Borough Presidents. Because of the grave abuses in the granting of franchises, all power over franchises was taken from the Board in 1905 and vested in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. The Sanitary Code is established by the Board of Health, and is declared by the charter to be an ordinance without the intervention of the aldermen. The most important legislative function now exercised by the Board is the establishment of the Building Code. The charter requires the Board to prepare and publish a codification of the ordinances once a year.

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment

Within the limits of power authorized by the charter we have the very important Board of Estimate. This board is to a large extent unique in municipal government. The estimating of the needs of the various branches of city government and the apportioning of funds accordingly make up but a small part of its many functions. It is really the board of directors of the municipal corporation of the city. As such it determines and controls absolutely the policies of the city in regard to all financial matters, assessable public improvements, franchises, privileges, and permits. It is generally regarded as the most successful city agency. Year by year its powers are gradually increased. To-day the Board has almost exclusive authority to grant franchises of every character, involving millions of dollars. The Public Service Commission, with the approval of the Board, grants a few rapid transit railway franchises.

The Board now consists of eight members, all elected for four-year terms. The Mayor, who is chairman, the Comptroller, and the President of the Board of Aldermen have three votes each. The Presidents of the Boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn have two votes each, while the Borough Presidents of the Bronx, Queens, and Richmond have one each. Of the total of sixteen votes, a controlling number, nine are cast by the Mayor, the Comptroller, and the President of the Board of Aldermen. The Board meetings are held at the City Hall on Fridays at 10:30 A.M., and the minutes of the meeting are printed in the "City Record."

Like the Board of Aldermen and other legislature bodies, the Board of Estimate and Apportionment is also subdivided into standing committees to facilitate its work. Among the committees are those on franchise, city-plan, tax budget, education, port and terminal facilities, social welfare, markets, and transit. From the mere naming of these committees one can see what a range of matters come under the jurisdiction of the Board.

Perhaps the most important duty of the Board is the preparation of the annual tax budget. This budget fixes the amount of money to be raised by taxation for the support of the various departments of the city government for the ensuing year. The budget-making period extends from June to December. During the first few months the heads of the various city departments are required to submit estimates of the amount of money they will need to run their departments for the coming year. The latter part of the budget-making period is spent by the

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Board of Estimate, the Board of Aldermen, and the Mayor in considering these estimates.

After the departmental estimates are submitted to the Board of Estimate they are investigated by the various bureaus. The sub-committee of the Committee on Tax Budget holds public hearings at which each item is taken up separately. The sub-committee makes its recommendation to the main committee, which determines the appropriations to be recommended to the Board of Estimate in the form of a tentative budget. This tentative budget is printed and distributed to citizens upon application, and is made the subject of public hearings before the full Board held during the last week in October. Before November 1 a final budget must be adopted, and within five days thereafter it must be sent to the Board of Aldermen. This Board is allowed twenty days by law to study the budget. The Aldermen have only a limited power of action. They can reduce or eliminate any appropriation except those fixed by law, those made for State taxes, and those dealing with the interest or principal of the city debt. Any reduction they make can be vetoed by the Mayor, although by a subsequent three-fourths vote the Board may override such veto. They cannot, however, increase any item, insert new items, or vary the terms and conditions adopted by the Board of Estimate.

The budget must finally be certified before December 25, and must be published in the "City Record" before December 31. It becomes operative on January 1.

The Mayor of the city, the Chief Executive, in addition to his great powers in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, is *ex officio* member of many boards and commissions. Matters relative to franchise must receive the separate approval of the Mayor in addition to the affirmative vote of the Board of Estimate. The Mayor, as we have seen, has also the veto power over all bills passed by the State Legislature affecting New York City, over ordinances and resolutions adopted by the Board of Aldermen, and over many of the resolutions of the Municipal Civil Service Commission.

But in all these details of local government we must never forget that we are citizens of a great Nation, as well as of a State and of a city.

National Laws

The laws which New York State enjoys in common with the other States of the Union are made by Congress. A body of five hundred and thirty-one men chosen by the people comprise the Congress of the United States—ninety-six Senators, two from each State, elected by popular vote for a term of six years; and four hundred and thirty-five Representatives, elected by popular vote for a term of two years. Each State, irrespective of its size or population, sends two Senators to the United States Senate. A State's membership in the House of Representatives depends on its population, as determined every ten years by a Federal census. New York State has forty-three Representatives, New Mexico has but one. This legislative body, called Congress, makes laws for us in New York City, as do the State Legislature and the city legislature described above.

Every two years a new Congress assembles at Washington. Bearing in mind the year 1789 as that of the first, a simple calculation shows why we refer to the present Congress (1919–1921) as the Sixty-sixth Congress. We might have a House of Representatives consisting of entirely new members every two years, though of course that is not very likely to happen. The six-year terms of United States Senators, however, do not all expire at once. Only one-third of them reach the end of their terms at any one time. Thus the Senate is a continuing body. It never dies. While new men come in, yet always two-thirds of its members have had at least two years' experience in lawmaking.

Congress legislates on many subjects. Matters relative to protection from foreign enemies, maintenance of internal order, protection of life by health and food laws, inter-State commerce and transportation, the mails, currency, patents, copyrights, standards of weights and measures, naturalization, taxation—all these are taken care of for us by Congress.

But we have already seen that many of our State laws and many of our city ordinances have to do with some of these same matters, such as taxation, health and food laws, protection of life and property. The foreign student of our institutions might ask how we manage to avoid a conflict of authority between the States on the one hand and the Federal Government on the other. That is a most interesting question, the answer to which would involve much of our National history. The question of "States' rights" has been a constantly recurring one. Even in our days the recently adopted Prohibition Amendment and the pending Woman Suffrage Amendment to the Federal Constitution have again brought up the problem of States' rights.

Originally the thirteen States, having declared themselves free, became so many separate and distinct nations. As such they had sovereign power. However, they saw fit to unite for the common defense and general welfare, and established a union. To the central government then formed each State gave up certain powers which the new Nation needed to make its work effective. At first the respective State governments were much stronger than the Federal Government. But gradually, as the Nation grew, the power of the central government increased. The Civil War decided that no State or combination of States has a legal right to withdraw from the Union. Since that time the Federal Government has grown more and more powerful. The Constitution provides that the laws of the United States and all treaties made under its authority are "the supreme law of the land." Where the Federal and State authorities conflict, the States must give way to the higher authority of the Nation.

Ordinarily, however, there is little danger of trouble from this source. The States and the central government have learned well to co-operate for the welfare of all.

Often the States and the Federal Government work together directly, as in fighting a contagious disease like the recent influenza epidemic.

The war has brought home to the people a realization of the great power and influence of our National Government. But isn't it true that before that amazing event the welcome letter-carrier was for most of us about the only link that connected our daily lives directly with our United States of America?

Your Part in Making the Laws

And now what is your part as a good citizen in all this great work of lawmaking? Are you justified in sitting idly by and enjoying the benefits of good government without assuming any of the responsibility of providing it? With the privilege of citizenship goes a corresponding duty to exercise this privilege intelligently.

The citizen has an active part to play in legislative matters. By his vote he may accept or reject amendments and constitutions. By his vote he may put the proper type of citizen into official position. To vote intelligently he must keep himself informed on all matters of civic interest. The Alderman, the Assemblyman, the State Senator, the Congressman, the United States Senator, are all his chosen agents. These men will serve him if they but know his desires and the desires of their constituents generally. They ofttimes go to great trouble to find out how "the folks back home" feel on important public questions, but invariably complain that these folks seem indifferent to their efforts.

The good citizen can do much by making direct suggestions to his representative in person, by letter, and by telegram. Public hearings held by the various Legislative Committees afford a splendid chance for interested citizens to bring their influence to bear on legislation. The great difficulty lies in the fact that there is very little general interest in these hearings. The great corporations take advantage of this fact, and individuals who have special and selfish interests to serve often carry the day. The pitiless "spotlight of publicity" should shine in all the dark corners. Through the press and civic organizations much can be done to influence governmental action. Nothing can long endure without the sanction of public opinion. Our Government has been called a "a Government by discussion," and the more discussion we have the better the Government is likely to be—provided always the discussion is intelligent.

Your duty in brief in this: Educate yourself for intelligent participation in *your* Government. Don't leave it all to the other fellow.

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

A BELATED REVIEW[1]

BACK in the days before we entered the war a little green volume was laid on the reviewer's desk. It was a good book and the desk did not seem to object, so the book just lay there and lay there and lay there saying nothing, but in a quiet sort of way getting a strangle-hold on the reviewer's conscience. Though it lay there so "peaceable-like," all the time the reviewer knew what it was thinking about. It was thinking about the reviewer, and its smooth back was just as expressive as the retreating coat-collar of a young poet who has just been told that the rejection of his soul-child "implies no lack of literary merit."

The book thought so hard that sometimes the reviewer could almost swear that he heard it say, "You are a fine reviewer, you are! You like me. You keep furtively dipping into my innards and quoting parts of them to your friends. Why aren't you man enough to take an hour off and help me along on my journey to posterity?

But the more sarcastic and morally indignant and offensively and justifiably righteous the book became, the more the reviewer resisted, not consciously, of course, but subconsciously with a resistance made up of all kinds of what we now call "complexes," but which our more plain-spoken ancestors would probably have classified as pig-headed procrastination.

Anyhow, all that the reviewer did was to try to keep the little green volume smothered, like Desdemona, under a pillow-like pile of unanswered correspondence. But, to drag in another literary allusion by the heels, the attempt was about as successful as that of the Ancient Mariner to forget the slaughter of a certain innocent member of the sub-family Diomedeinæ.

War came, and, driven by the accusing presence of the little green volume, the reviewer slunk away and enlisted. He went cherishing the hope that some German airplane might drop a bomb on his desk and blow that little green volume into flinders, that some charitable charlady might elope with it, or that the war might last long enough to permit the little green volume to deliquesce into its original elements of poetry, philosophy, and humor.

Two years passed. The reviewer, after having heroically worn out the index finger of his typewriter hand in the service of democracy, came back to his *sanctum terrorum*. Slowly he opened the door. Had the war been fought in vain? Did his eyes deceive him? It had. They did not. There on his desk lay not only one little green volume, but three. Where the other two came from, the reviewer does not know to this day. He only knows that he surrendered to his Nemesis on the spot and resolved forthwith to tell to any one who cared to listen what he really thought of the little green volume, its brothers and its sisters and its father. Confession is good for the soul, and the reviewer, having proceeded thus far with his confession, has acquired enough moral stamina really to feel indignant against the author of the little green volume because of all the trouble he has caused.

The author of the little green volume was Don Marquis, and the little green volume itself was his "Dreams and Dust," which, as every one knows, contains some of the most skillful verse and most genuine poetry of recent years. The secret of its author's success is to be caught perhaps from one of the poems in this volume, a tribute to New York:

NEW YORK

She is hot to the sea that crouches beside,
Human and hot to the cool stars peering down,
My passionate city, my quivering town,
And her dark blood, tide upon purple tide,
With throbs as of thunder beats,
With leaping rhythms and vast, is swirled
Through the shaken lengths of her veinèd streets . . .
She pulses, the heart of a world!

I have thrilled with her ecstasy, agony, woe—
Hath she a mood that I do not know?
The winds of her music tumultuous have seized me and swayed me,
Have lifted, have swung me around
In their whorls as of cyclonic sound;
Her passions have torn me and tossed me and brayed me;
Drunken and trancèd and dazzled with visions and gleams,
I have spun with her dervish priests;
I have searched to the souls of her hunted beasts
And found love sleeping there;
I have soared on the wings of her flashing dreams;
I have sunk with her dull despair;
I have sweat with her travails and cursed with her pains;
I have swelled with her foolish pride;
I have raged through a thick red mist at one with her branded Cains,
With her broken Christs have died.

O beautiful half-god city of visions and love!
O hideous half-brute city of hate!
O wholly human and baffled and passionate town!
The throes of thy burgeoning, stress of thy fight,
Thy bitter, blind struggle to gain for thy body a soul,
I have known, I have felt, and been shaken thereby!
Wakened and shaken and broken,
For I hear in thy thunders terrific that throb through thy rapid veins
The beat of the heart of a world.

The reviewer has selected this poem for quotation, not because it is the best in "Dreams and Dust," but because it conveys more than a little of the real spirit of the philosopher, poet, and humorist who presides over that astonishing column in the New York "Evening Sun," the "Sun Dial." Don Marquis is a sage who is exceedingly wise in the ways of humanity. He is a teacher in whose schoolroom shams melt away before the echoes of Gargantuan laughter. He is a poet who knows the taste of aloes but whose dreams help to dash bitter cups from the lips of his friends. He is a philosopher who masks his philosophy in clowning, a clown behind whose painted face endures a world of reality and high vision.

Perhaps, after all, it is Don Marquis's column in the "Evening Sun" which has been the most fruitful cause of the delay in the review of his books. Whenever the reviewer began to believe that he was almost ready to attempt to review one of Mr. Marquis's volumes along would come the "Evening Sun," and the necessity of reading Mr. Marquis's latest lucubrations naturally compelled the reviewer to drop whatever other work he had at hand. How could a reviewer proceed with his own comments on the cosmos while he had a chance to peruse the outpourings of Hermione, the offerings of Archie, the fantastic utterances of Fothergil Finch, or the ruminations of Mr. Marquis's latest creation, "The Old Soak"? If the reviewer's power of concentration survived the lure of such beings as these, there was always one of Mr. Marquis's wall mottoes counseling all manner of actions abhorrent to the teaching of the copy-books of the reviewer's school-days to upset his equanimity.

Like Goldsmith, Don Marquis has touched nothing which he has not adorned, and there are very few fields of human activity which he has not touched upon at some time in his career.

As a political satirist, for instance, Mr. Marquis is frequently in his happiest vein. No matter what one thinks of the League of Nations, it would be difficult to withhold admiration from Mr. Marquis's touching ballad entitled "O Sign My League." This ballad was written after President Wilson had said of the League of Nations, "Dare we reject it and break the heart of the world?" On this text Mr. Marquis carols:

A President a League did bring
The foamy deep across
And to a Senate it did fling,
And said, "O have remorse!
I came across the briny wave
This League for to display,
The Angels have their best thought gave
Unto this League to-day!"
When the Senate did opine
Maybe it would not sign
Then he to them did say:

Cho.:
O sign my League! O sign my League!
The world's heart it will break!
O sign my League! O sign my League!
for Home and Mother's sake!
O sign my League! O sign my League!
the Wee Tots lisp to thee!
And Angel voices plead to sign and save Humanity!

The poet then proceeds to tell how indeed the Senate was moved to tears, but still remained obdurate. This is the only comfort which, as the poet tells it, the President found:

And then a Wee Tot spoke to him
And to him gave her hand,
She said to not to weep for them,
They didn't understand.
He said he thought that she was right,
They'll wish they had some day,
In Heaven they their names will write
When Earth has passed away.
Their hands then they did join
And to all did explain
Their victory and did say:

Cho.:
In Heaven they'll sign! In Heaven they'll sign! the world's heart will not break!
In Heaven they'll sign! In Heaven they'll sign for Home and Mother's sake!
Their hearts will soften when they die and they will sign with glee
While Angel voices plead to them to save Humanity!

When a certain manufacturer with Senatorial ambitions ventured in the course of a libel suit to display to an astonished world the Mother Hubbard's cupboard

[1] Danny's Own Story. By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York.
Dreams and Dust. By Don Marquis. Harper & Brothers, New York.
Hermione and Her Little Group of Serious Thinkers. By Don Marquis. D. Appleton & Co., New York.
Cruise of the Jasper B. By Don Marquis. D. Appleton & Co., New York.
Prefaces. By Don Marquis. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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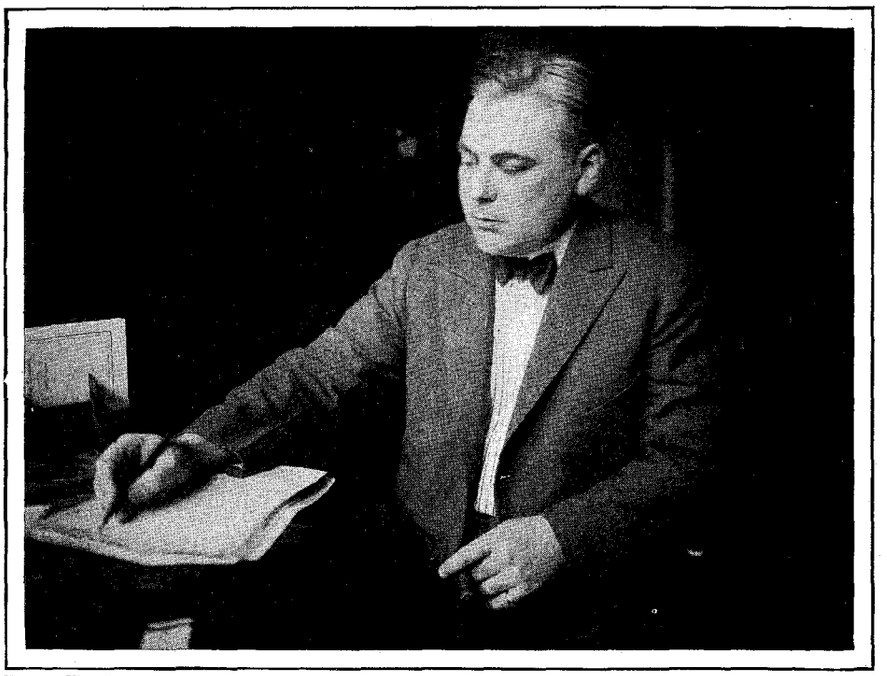

Keystone View Co

DON MARQUIS

which contained his knowledge of Government and education, Mr. Marquis found a subject ready for his pen. He proceeded to report an imaginary cross-examination with the following result. We quote from a clipping from the New York "Evening Sun" which shows the effect of a long and varied career in the reviewer's pocketbook:

Q. Mr. Flood, you wanted to go to the United States Senate, did you not, so that you could educate the people of the United States?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. What is the United States Senate?

A. Why, everybody knows that. The United States Senate is a place in Washington. It is there in the Capitol building and is given over to the usages of United States Senators. What is the use of asking me silly questions like what is the United States Senate?

Q. How did the United States Senate come into existence?

A. I ain't up on Bible history. I never pretended to be. But I got a preacher on my staff who could tell you in a minute.

Q. What is theology?

A. It is when you dig in the ground and find rocks. You have them assayed by a chemist. It is done by scientists. I got a lot of scientists working for me. I pay them good money.

Q. Haven't you got theology confused with zoölogy or geology, Mr. Flood?

A. Maybe I have. I don't pay any attention to little details like that. I hire men to keep me straight on them details and ologies.

Nothing delights Mr. Marquis more than a chance to pillory shallow thinkers, whether they be millionaire-manufacturers or parlor Bolsheviki. Some of his best sword thrusts at the shallow thinker have appeared in the guise of a series of utterances from the mouth of Hermione, a character who is already a literary classic. Hermione's utterances were deservedly collected in volume form in 1918. A typical pronouncement is that in which this lady of many thoughts and mixed emotions discusses prison reform and poise:

PRISON REFORM AND POISE

Aren't you just crazy about prison reform?

The most wonderful man talked to us—to our Little Group of Advanced Thinkers, you know—about it the other evening.

It made me feel that I'd be willing to do anything—simply *anything!*—to help those poor, unfortunate convicts. Collect money, you know, or give talks, or read books about them, or make any other sacrifice.

Even get them jobs. One ought to help them to start over again, you know.

Though as for hiring one of them myself, or rather getting Papa to—well, really, you know, one must draw the line somewhere!

But it's a perfectly fascinating subject to take up, prison reform is.

It gives one such a sense of brotherhood—and of service—it's so broadening, don't you think?—taking up things like that?

And one must be broad. I ask myself every night before I go to bed: "Have I been *broad* to-day? Or have I failed?"

Though, of course, one can be *too* broad, don't you think?

What I mean is, one must not be so broad that one loses one's poise in the midst of things.

Poise! That is what this age needs!

I suppose you've heard wide-brimmed hats are coming in again?

The corrupting influence of Mr. Marquis's philosophy upon the energetic mind may be guessed from a brief quotation from his delightful book of "Prefaces." Is it any wonder that a reviewer, steeped in the enervating stream of such confessions as the following, finds himself powerless to review any volume of Mr. Marquis's within half a decade of its publication? The reviewer quotes from his chapter entitled "Preface to a Book of Fishhooks:"

Our idea of fishing is to put all the exertion up to the fish. If they are ambitious we will catch them. If they are not, let them go about their business. If a fish expects to be caught by us he has to look alive. We give him his opportunity, and he must make the most of it.

Most of our fishing, and the only fishing we ever really enjoyed, was done with a worm, a hook, a leaden sinker, a line and a willow pole. We wouldn't know what to do with a reel. We expect a fish to eat the hook very thoroughly, to persist until he gets it well down, and then to signal us that all is well by pulling the float under water; a reel is superfluous; one flips the pole over one's head and the fish lands somewhere in the bushes behind.

A little quiet river or a creek, with low banks and plenty of big trees along the banks, is the only place to fish; and the fish should be mostly bullheads. Bullheads know their business; they hook themselves more completely and competently than any other fish. A bullhead will swallow the worm, the hook, and the lead sinker, a part of the line, and then grumble because he hasn't been able to eat the float and the pole. And you can leave it all up to him. You can sit in the shade and watch the float bobbing and jerking about in the serene consciousness that he will do a good job. When he pulls the pole itself out of the socket of earth into which you have jabbed the butt end of it, then is the time to interfere and bring him to land. Don't hold the pole yourself; it is too much trouble.

The art of fishing and lying has been pictured by Mr. Marquis against a celestial background in a poem which is as fine a bit of versification and humor as anything which ever came from the pen of Lewis Carroll or W. S. Gilbert. It is a case of literary mayhem to republish only a fragment of this poem, but perhaps a taste of it may inspire such readers of The Outlook as have not already seen it to search it out in its complete form. The poem is entitled "Fishing Stories," and it begins:

Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,
Mariners, travelers, magazines of myth,
Settin' up in Heaven, chewin' and a-chawin',
Eatin' their terbacey, talkin' and a-jawin';
Settin' by a crick, spittin' in the worter,
Talkin' tall an' tactless, as saints hadn't orter,
Lollin' in the shade, baitin' hooks and anglin',
Occasionally friendly, occasionally wranglin'. . . .

Between these three ancient worthies then begins a contest in tall stories in which Noah leads with an account of his great catches when he sailed as "Skipper of the tight leetle Ark." It is Noah's proud boast that

"Always I ketched, in half a hour on Monday,
All that the fambly could gormandize till Sunday!" . . .

Following Noah, Captain John Smith goes his senior naval hero one better. He boasts—

"I've fitten tigers, I've fitten bears,
I have fitten sarpints an' wolves in their lairs,
I have fit with wild men an' hippopotamusses,
But the perilousest varmints is the bloody octopusses!
I'd rub my forehead with phosphorescent light
An' plunge into the ocean an' seek 'em out at night!
I ketched 'em in grottoes, I ketched 'em in caves,
I used fer to strangle 'em underneath the waves! . . .
I useter grab 'em, as they rushed from their grots,
Ketch all their legs an' tie 'em into knots!" . . .

Last of all, Jonah caps the climax with the fishing story *par excellence* of all time. Rightly he views the exploits of his adversaries with something approaching contempt:

"Excuse me ef your stories don't excite me much!
Excuse me ef I seldom agitate fer such!
You think yer fishermen! I won't argue none!
I won't even tell yer the half o' what I done!
You has careers dangerous an' checkered!
All as I will say is: Go and read my record!
You think yer fishermen! You think yer great!
All I asks is this: Has one of ye been bait? . . .
When I seen the strong fish, wallopin' like a lummicks,
I useter foller 'em, dive into their stummicks!
I could v'yage an' steer 'em, I could understand 'em,
I useter navigate 'em, I useter land 'em!
Don't you pester me with any more narration!
Go git famous! Git a reputation!" . . .

And so Don Marquis leaves his three heroes

Settin' by the shallows forever an' forever,
Swappin' yarns an' fishin' in a little river!

Perhaps it would be bold to hazard a guess that Don Marquis's picture of the

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heaven of these three worthies is no further from the actuality than the pictures which have been drawn by some eminent theologians.

Well, it's done. The reviewer could go on quoting from Don Marquis's works "forever and forever," like Noah and Jonah and Cap'n John Smith, and like James Whitcomb Riley's boy whose ambition it was to sling pie crusts down the road for that same extended period of time. It may not be a good review, but at least it will enable the writer to pass Mr. Marquis in the street in the future without blushing and crossing to the other sidewalk. And when the next war comes (thank heaven!) there will be no little green book to drive the reviewer to enlist. After all, there are a few advantages in the possession of a clear conscience.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

Last of the Grenvilles (The). By Bennet Copplestone. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York City.

Another story of naval adventure by the author of the widely read tale entitled "The Lost Naval Papers." Plot and war romance abound. The area of activity covered is, as before, purely naval, and, like the former book, this not only includes stories of spies and their detection but also furnishes a true and amusing picture of the British sailor in wartime.

Man on Horseback (The). By Achmed Abdullah. The James A. McCann Company, New York.

A breathless, exciting tale of a gold mine taken in exchange for a poker debt, and of results which bring the American cowboy owner of the mine into international complications and make him an actor in the great war.

BIOGRAPHY

Irish Impressions. By G. K. Chesterton. The John Lane Company, New York.

Before Mr. Chesterton's lecture in Dublin during the visit to Ireland which resulted in this book, an Englishman said to him: "Well, I have simply given up puzzling about what you can possibly mean." The remark illustrates the fact that Mr. Chesterton does not write for the man in the street; his style is full of brilliant paradox, subtle allusion, and pages in which one must read between the lines for their meaning. But the game is worth the candle. Every one who is interested in the Irish question will gain much from a careful reading of this unusually sympathetic yet penetrating study of Ireland.

Life of Francis Place (The) (1771–1854). By Graham Wallas. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

This new edition of Professor Wallas's "Life of Place" brings again into the light the career of an English workingman-philosopher of whom one of his contemporaries said: "He was the most disinterested reformer I ever knew, valuable in council, fertile in resource, performing great labors." Place was one of those Englishmen of humble origin but of ingrained independence and originality of view who have the power to rise above circumstances and shape political and social history. His life makes good, timely reading.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Bolshevik Russia. By Etienne Antonelli. Translated from the French by Charles A. Carroll. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

A colorless but informative historical narrative. Its author is a French sociologist and economist of repute, who served actively in the great war and was wounded. He went to Petrograd in 1917 as military attaché and saw Kerensky's fall and Lenine's rise to power.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

France I Know (The). By Winifred Stephens. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The France this author knows is evidently not the France of Balzac, Hugo, and George Sand, although she tells us something about it. The France she knows is the contemporary France of Barrès, Bazin, Bergson, Bordeaux, Bourgeois, and Bourget. She tells us much about such novelists, publicists, philosophers, and statesmen. But she gives us more than mere information; she gives us opinions. She tells her English countrymen and women that they are too apt to judge everything by British standards, "to adopt a Podsnapian attitude and to condemn wholesale all that does not exactly correspond with the ideas prevailing in these northern isles." She ridicules the prevailing belief in French decadence and degeneracy. She shows what the real French have meant and mean in patriotism, in literature, in politics, in religion. Above all, she describes the present position of women in France and shows what the new Frenchwoman stands for.

South: The Story of Shackleton's Last Expedition, 1914–1917. By Sir Ernest Shackleton, C.V.O. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Shackleton was just on the point of setting forth with an expedition to the Antarctic when the war broke out in 1914. He at once telegraphed the British Admiralty leaving the whole matter at its disposal and indicating that the organized force of the expedition might be used for naval purposes. He received, however, almost instantly, a reply from the Admiralty directing that the expedition should be carried out as planned. The object of this expedition was not, of course, to reach the South Pole, for that had already been done, but to fulfill the remaining one large object of Antarctic adventure, namely, the crossing of the South Polar Continent from sea to sea. In this attempt, because of unexpected obstacles and stress of ice conditions, the undertaking failed. But the record of the work and hardships of Shackleton and his men makes thrilling reading. As he well says in the preface: "The struggles, the disappointments, and the endurance of this small party of Britishers, hidden away for nearly two years in the fastnesses of the Polar ice, striving to carry out the ordained task and ignorant of the crisis through which the world was passing, make a story which is unique in the history of Antarctic exploration."

Spitsbergen. By R. N. Rudmose Brown, D.Sc. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

An interesting account of the past and present status of this island of the extreme north. Its rich mineral deposits have made the disposition of Spitsbergen an international problem which at the date of publication of this book was still unsettled, though the island has now been granted to Norway. The book states the problem clearly and contains numerous helpful maps and illustrations.

ART

Foundations of Classic Architecture (The). By Herbert Langford Warren, A.M. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The sumptuous volume from the late Dean of the Faculty of Architecture of Harvard University comprises the essence of his teaching there. He traces the development of architectural styles of Egypt, western Asia, and Greece to the age of Pericles. But the book is more than a historical narrative. It also comprises an analysis of fundamental forms and principles of architectural expression. These inhere in every great style, and have influenced the whole subsequent development of the art.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Progressive Religious Thought in America. By John Wright Buckham. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

A series of well-written, sympathetic, discriminating sketches of religious thought leaders in New England. They include T. T. Munger, the literary theologian whose clear thinking and pure spirit found appropriately beautiful expression in a clear, pure, and non-combative English; George A. Gordon, the theologian of the new movement, who brought to the sometimes provincial discussions of his time a mind familiar with the older movement of spiritual thought from Plato to Jonathan Edwards; William J. Tucker, pastor as well as teacher, and therefore as teacher chiefly interested in religious philosophy as applied to the problems of practical life; Egbert C. Smith, primarily a historical scholar, but by a singular fatality involved in and best known by his contribution to a now forgotten theological controversy; Washington Gladden, a mediator between the old and the new in theology and in the social order, not by any skill in constructing a patchwork compromise, but by his vision and his power to reveal to others the deeper truth which was contained in the too partisan faith of both conflicting parties; Newman Smyth, the psychological tendency of whose thought is expressed in the title of one of his contributions to modern theological thought, "The Meaning of Personal Life." Professor Buckham's volume is not as comprehensive as its title; but we do not know of any volume from which the lay reader can get a better interpretation of progressive religious thought in Puritan New England during the last half-century.

WAR BOOKS

Across the Blockade. By Henry Noel Brailsford. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

Mr. Brailsford is better known as an editorial writer than as a describer of war impressions. The present book shows him in another character. His surprisingly favorable impressions of Socialist governments were not those gathered during the period of actual war, but those formed last spring in Austria, Hungary, Poland, Russia, and Germany.

Yankee in the British Zone (The). By Ewen Cameron MacVeagh and Lee D. Brown. Foreword by Major-General Leonard Wood. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

General Wood furnishes an introduction to this volume, in which he says that it preaches "a powerful sermon on preparedness" in that it shows how our soldiers, fighting side by side with the French and British, profited by their guidance and instruction in that knowledge of war and war conditions which our allies had and we had not. The book has a special sphere of its own in that it is a study (not in theory but through incident and experience and history) of the relations between the Yankee and the Tommy. Their joint fighting and campaigning are described with vigor. The humorous as well as the serious side of soldier life comes out in strong relief.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Community Civics: Making the Laws

WHAT is Government? Do you think it would be impossible to get along without it? If you say it would be impossible, does that mean that human nature is essentially bad?

What are laws? For whom are they made? There are those who say that each individual is responsible, either actively or passively, for the laws of the community and the land. Is this so?

This article by Mr. Murphy shows that city government has only such power as the State grants it. Would it be better and more democratic for our cities to make their own charters and possess home rule? What States do have home rule for cities? With what results?

In what respects does a city differ from a town or village?

What is the relation of your city to your State, your State to other States, and your State to the United States? Would you suggest any changes?

We are told that many European cities possess power to condemn old city blocks, tear down unsanitary buildings and put up new ones and rent them at their actual cost. Have American cities this privilege? If not, should they?

What is a city? What is the law in your State concerning the formation of cities? Do you think it ought to be changed?

How many of your activities are wholly untouched by city, State, and National laws? Is there any such thing nowadays as absolute personal liberty?

Define: *Bucket shops*, *Constitution*, *bicameral system*, *charter*, *statute law*, "*pocket veto*," *Congress*, "*States' rights*."

Three valuable books to own for the study of government are: "Actual Government of New York State" (Revised Edition), by F. D. Boynton (Ginn & Co.); "Community Civics," by R. O. Hughes (Allyn & Bacon); "Authority in the Modern State," by H. J. Laski (Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.).

Mr. Hoover's Declaration of Political Independence

Note that the subject treated under this title on the editorial pages is continued under the succeeding title.

Some say that there is essentially no difference now between the Republican and the Democratic parties. Does Mr. Hoover's position seem to indicate that he is of this belief? In your own opinion, is there any essential difference between these two parties? If so, how would you characterize it?

Does Mr. Hoover believe in party organization? Do you consider party organization an absolute necessity in a democracy? How are political parties managed?

What is a political party? What are some of the reasons why we have political parties? What have been some of the great issues in our history that have divided and created political parties?

The Outlook says that there are two very distinct positions that a citizen may take with regard to parties. What are they? Tell with reasons which one of these you prefer.

The Outlook also tells us that "if parties are going to be held to account, there must be independent voters." Is The Outlook right? Should all voters be independent of political parties?

Do you favor an educational test for voters?

Is Mr. Hoover's political creed one to which all good Americans can and should subscribe?

What is the meaning of *prerogative*, *partisanship*, *free representation*?

If you want some valuable books on politics, secure: "The History of American Politics," by Johnson and Sloane (Henry Holt); "American Government and Politics," by C. A. Beard (Macmillan); "Government and Politics in the United States," by W. B. Guitteau (Houghton Mifflin).

What German Promises are Worth; Shall We Reward German Perfidy?

Since the ending of the war some people have changed their minds as to whether Germany should be compelled to fulfill all the stipulations of the Treaty. Were the Allies too hard on Germany? Or is the trouble that Germany did not sufficiently taste defeat?

Do you think The Outlook reasons soundly in urging the Allies not to yield to Germany's attitude in reference to her treaty obligations? Would yielding to her be equivalent to rewarding dishonor?

Some fundamental principles by which to judge Germany may be found in "America and the World War," by Theodore Roosevelt," (Charles Scribner's Sons).

Military Legislation and the Problem of Universal Training

What seems to you to be the significance of the House acting in direct contradiction to the advice of President Wilson in reference to universal military training?

Why does The Outlook believe in universal military training? Do you agree with The Outlook? Do you know of any one who disagrees? What are their reasons?

Are there any *inherent* dangers to democracy in compulsory universal military training?

Can you explain how such military training as is advocated in this editorial could be conducted "with true regard for sound economy, the avoidance of the military spirit, and the protection of individual liberty"?

If you are interested in this topic, you will do well to read "The Military Obligation of Citizenship," by Leonard Wood (Princeton University Press), and "The Military Policy of the United States," by General Emory Upton, U. S. A. (Washington Government Printing Office).

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them. —THE EDITORS.

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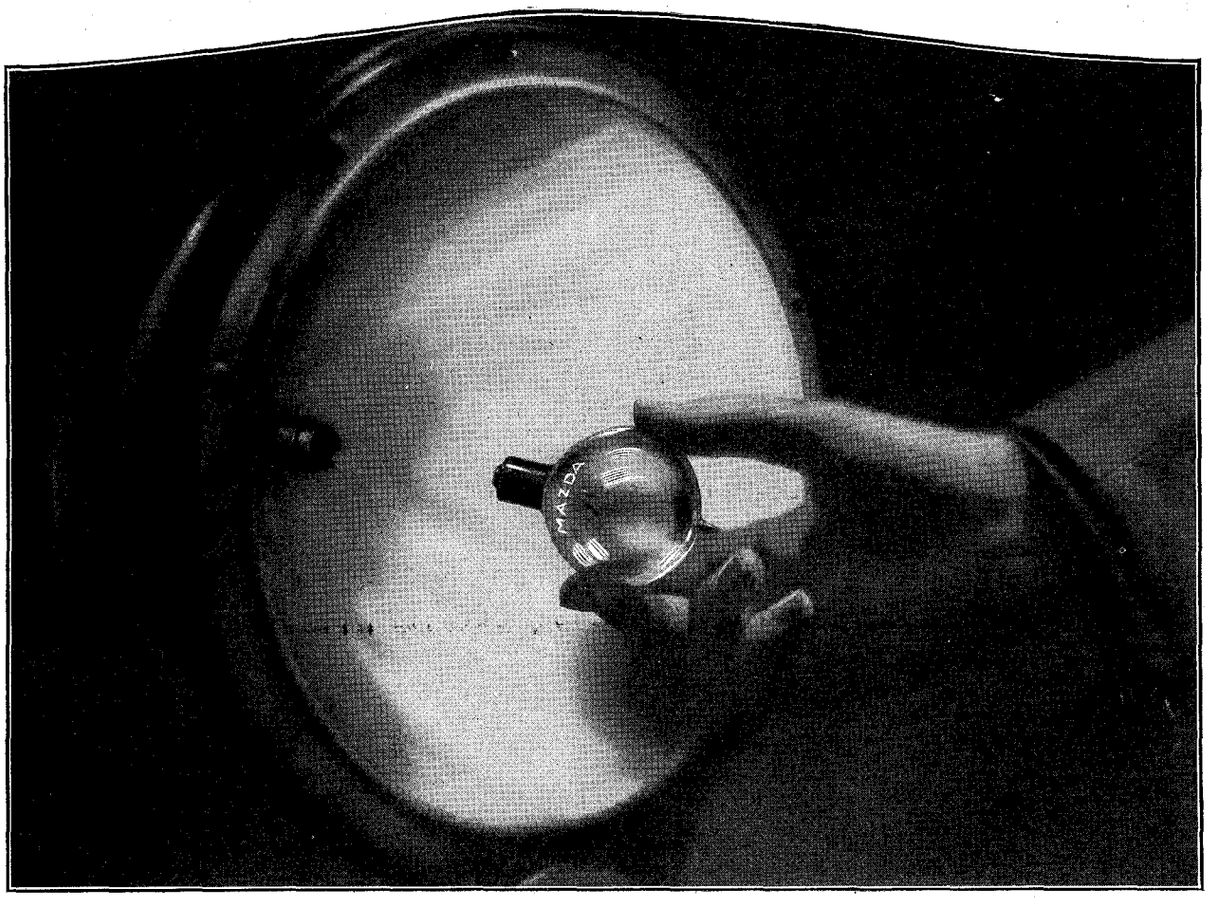
MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing, but the mark of a service"



Dependability or Doubt—Which do you put in?

Headlight dependability comes only when the lamp bulb itself is dependable. With the MAZDA Lamp, sun-like safety on night roads is assured through the reliability which MAZDA Service has put into every lamp marked MAZDA. Be sure the lamps on your car are marked MAZDA.

MAZDA is the trademark of a world-wide service to certain lamp manufacturers. Its purpose is to collect and select scientific and practical information concerning progress and developments in the art of incandescent lamp manufacturing and to distribute this information to the companies entitled to receive this service.

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Insure *Direct* and Save Money

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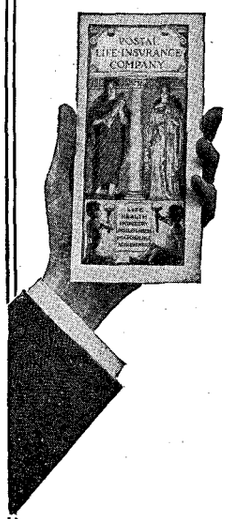

Moreover, there is not only satisfaction in doing things for yourself, but there is the element of education in learning how things are done and then doing them.

And there is not only satisfaction and education in it, but you often save time, and money too, which is just what happens when you do business with the

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Resources more than $9,000,000

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If you want information about insurance-protection, be your own agent. Simply write the POSTAL and you will get particulars by return mail. The facts and figures will be official, and a specimen Policy will be forwarded, so that you can see just what the Company contracts to do. You will find that by dealing *direct* you practically save the commissions that other companies pay their agents. You will indeed find that the POSTAL LIFE is the Company of

Safety, Saving and Service

It is not only *safe* and not only *saves* money for you but its HEALTH BUREAU renders an important service by giving to policyholders the privilege of one free medical examination each year, so as to detect disease in time to check it; and periodical Bulletins on Health-Conservation are also sent free to policyholders.

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Strong Postal Points

FIRST: *Standard Policy reserves.* Resources more than $9,000,000. Insurance in force, $40,000,000.
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To take advantage of POSTAL benefits and economies, call at the Company's offices or simply write and say: "*Mail insurance particulars as mentioned in The Outlook for February 18.*" In your letter be sure to give:

1. Your full name.
2. Your occupation.
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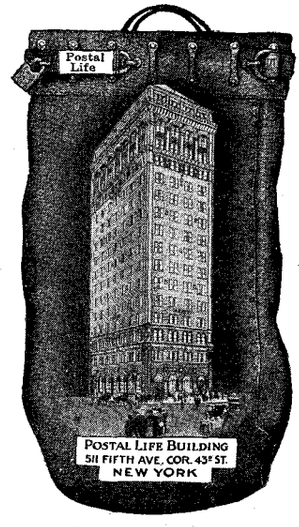
You will receive full information based on official reports regularly filed with the New York State Insurance Department. Writing places you under no obligation and no agent will be sent to visit you. The resultant commission-savings go to *you* because you deal *direct*.



POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

WM. R. MALONE, President

511 Fifth Avenue, Corner 43d Street, New York

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

HIGHWAY TRANSPORTATION

BY ROLFE C. SPINNING

Of the Service Motor Truck Company

THERE can be no gainsaying the fact that the able and highly efficient manner in which the motor truck met the exacting tests on the battlefields of France gave an impetus to the entire motor-truck industry that has resulted in a permanent advantage to producer and consumer, wholesaler and retailer.

During war time a great amount of propaganda appeared, urging us to use our highways more extensively for transportation purposes during the breakdown of our railway system. The highways *were* used, first as a war-time measure, but later, after the efficiency of truck operation had been amply demonstrated, as a general means for communication.

It is generally admitted that motor trucks and motor-truck efficiency were big factors in the winning of the war, and it is only natural, therefore, that we should call upon the truck to help solve the problems of complex commercial transportation.

The commercial expansion of this country and the country's business at large are becoming more and more dependent upon the motor truck. Local freight trains are going to give way to motor trucks—or caravans of them, if necessary—for the truck is efficient for what is termed the "short haul," and furnishes a quick and economical way to transport materials and commodities.

And the railways are welcoming the truck as an adjunct to their lines for hauls up to, say, one hundred miles. Trucks are relieving them of unprofitable short hauls—especially feeder lines, which are generally conceded by railway men to operate at a loss, except as they deliver traffic to the trunk lines which can later be hauled at a profit.

Again, this winter we have seen congestion of our railways that is slowing up our industries. This congestion must be relieved if American business is to expand and meet the demand for its products that is everywhere manifesting itself. The relief is coming by passing the short hauls to the motor truck. This will result, not only in an increased use of motor trucks, but in increased efficiency of freight service as well.

Like any other expensive piece of equipment, motor trucks cannot remain idle for any considerable part of their working day and still return the maximum profit on their investment. They must be made to work full time, and it is for this reason that motor-truck manufacturers and users and

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the public at large should lend their support to such movements as are being inaugurated for return loads in various parts of the country.

There is not a very great difference between the wear and tear for a return trip when the truck is empty and when it is loaded to capacity. The driver cost is the same. Costs of operation and upkeep are nearly the same. The empty truck, traveling at probably a greater speed, does about as much damage to the road as does a truck loaded. It is true that a little more oil and a little more gasoline are required to operate a loaded truck; but, seeing that the truck itself must be transported, the difference is not so large as might be expected.

It is essential, therefore, that motor trucks and their drivers must, for the sake of the company, be made to work full time instead of half time.

In many parts of the country farmers are now sending their produce to the market by motor trucks. These carriers are traveling over the roads every day; and if they are not, as a general thing, carrying loads back, it is because the truckmen or their patrons do not see the profit that will accrue to them by return loads.

Trucks are offering a particularly valuable service to the wholesaler. Many of his problems and the problems of his shipping clerk and traffic manager are solved. The haul to the railway and the work of unloading is eliminated. Merchandise consigned to a retailer is delivered at the door of the retailer, and the merchandise arrives in good condition.

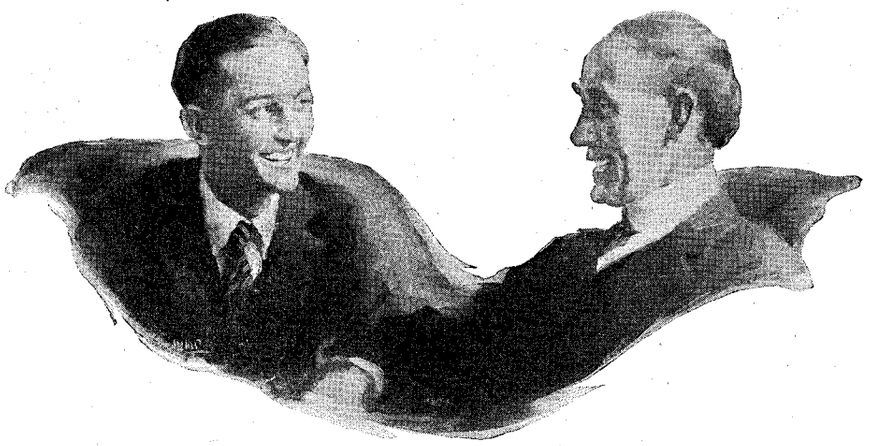
But the wholesaler is not the only one who benefits. The retailer who is in daily touch with the city is benefited too. His supplies can be ordered as he needs them, and it is not necessary for him to carry such a large stock of goods and have such a large outlay of capital.

Meat dealers in Niagara Falls, for instance, can order meat from Buffalo in the afternoon and it will be delivered by motor truck before noon of the following day. Before this work was done by trucks it required two, or sometimes three, days to make delivery. The excitement that used to come with the "rush" order is eliminated, for the rush order of the past is the usual thing when delivery is made by motor truck.

The advent of the truck in the farm field has made the great markets of the world open to the farmer. He makes more profit because now he can sell on the exact day he wants to sell. His markets are enlarged, too, for the city stands ready to consume or ship all his produce, and do it without quibble.

And as soon as the farmer sees increased markets he can see the benefit of increased acreage. The result is that more foodstuffs will be produced. The city man will pay less for his fruit, meat, vegetables, butter, and eggs, while the farmer, because of increased production, has made more money. The man in the city gets better milk—better food in general—because the motor truck is hauling it to him over the highways.

A better and larger social scheme cannot help but result from the increased use of the motor truck. Visualization of its utility is by far the best argument for better roads and better care of them that has yet been advanced. For it is on good roads that the motor truck can do its best work, winter and summer.



Those White Teeth

Ask People How They Get Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. You see them everywhere—white, glistening teeth.

Ask about them. The owners will tell you, probably, that they use Pepsodent. They have found a way to fight the film which causes most tooth troubles.

Millions have already proved it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. And over 6,000 new people daily write us for a 10-Day Tube.

Why Teeth Discolor

A viscous film forms on the teeth and coats them. You can feel it with your tongue. Modern dentists know this film to be the teeth's great enemy.

It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So it remains to do a ceaseless damage, until removed by cleaning in a dentist's chair.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now We Combat Film

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Five years of careful tests have proved this beyond question.

The method is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It complies in all ways with modern dental requirements. And a 10-Day Tube of this tooth paste is now sent free to anyone who asks.

Let Your Mirror Tell

Make this free test. Look at your teeth now, then look in ten days. Let your mirror tell the story.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Science has lately made this method possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So it long seemed barred. But a harmless activating method has been found, so active pepsin can be every-day applied.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

The results are quick and evident. They are all-important. You will never go back to old methods when you know them. For the sake of cleaner, safer teeth cut out this coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

[322]

Ten-Day Tube Free

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LUXURIOUS comfort is yours—whatever the weather. *One* certain degree of heat you like best—you may not know its "number" on the thermometer—But you can have it in any room—any time—with Adsco Heating.

Heat the whole radiator on a cold day, half of it on a warm day, or a third—a quarter—any amount you need to get your own temperature. One valve, the Adsco, controls the amount of heat you want in each radiator.

Adsco Heating *never* makes a noise—never knocks, thumps nor pounds. Adsco never leaks water on the rug—because there's no heavy steam pressure in it, it operates at a few ounces above atmosphere only.

Another thing—Adsco is a big help now-a-days because it saves you about a dollar in every four of your coal bill. Apply this to what you will pay for next winter's coal and see what a substantial sum is saved for better use.

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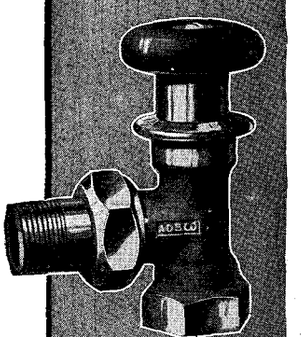
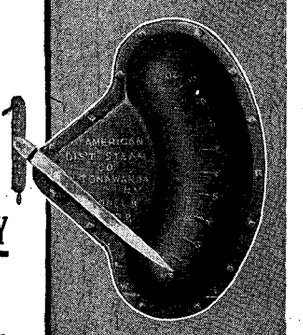
Ask for Bulletin No. 150-O. If you are interested in heating a group of buildings or industrial homes, ask for bulletin on "Central Station Heating."





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THE FARMERS' SIDE OF THE CASE

In the name of all rural readers, the writer wishes to thank you for your fair attitude toward agriculture, and because you have occasionally given the practical farmer a hearing through your columns.

A few weeks ago you published "The Farmer's Side of the Story of the High Cost of Living," by C. W. Stephenson, who tells the story truly and sympathetically—or as much of it as a fair-minded bystander could be expected to see. But "the half has not been told." He says that "the farmer is not a writer, but the hardest kind of a worker," who "thinks much, but feels quite helpless under the volley of criticism hurled at him from all sides." True, and nobody but a farmer knows how deeply and bitterly he has resented these unjust criticisms, especially when the replies of agricultural leaders, the rural press, and such eminent and far-sighted citizens as Herbert Hoover and Gifford Pinchot have been ignored by most of the magazines and city dailies.

The writer lives in a good farming section in eastern Ohio, with the best of railway facilities, and within easy marketing distance of busy manufacturing centers of from five thousand to one-half million population. In every town the housing is inadequate, and many families are paying exorbitant rents for a few rooms. But follow any country road for a few miles and you will see here and there big houses standing empty and many farms for sale. The reason is this: The best paying investments are the ones which attract both capital and labor, and farming is not in that class. People have left and are leaving the farms, not because they cannot make a living, but because they can make more money at less arduous employment. Men who own tenant farms want to sell them because they can invest their money where it will net them a much higher rate of interest and escape taxation. It is true that a few farmers are making incomes that compare favorably with those of industrial workers, but they are doing it by a series of small but clever speculations, or because of that superior business ability which succeeds anywhere. Even they cannot afford to pay $5 per day for labor which nets them but $2.50. Some farmers are staying on their farms and some are coming back because they can see nothing but future disaster in the modern tendency to flock to the cities. They feel that this boosting of wages to meet the cost of living and boosting prices to meet the cost of labor cannot go on forever; that sooner or later there must come a day of reckoning such as this favored land has never known.

Some years ago we heard a lot about protecting our infant industries. They were protected, while agriculture, the basic industry of the country, was not protected. It was then that the protected industries began to drain the labor from the farms. And farming *is* our basic industry. We have not long to wait for the new Census and to see what the last decade has done for agriculture; but, according to the last Census figures, of the 38,000,000 engaged in gainful occupations, farming heads the list with 32.5 per cent—nearly three times the number engaged in any other industry—and that does not include the unpaid labor of farm women and children. Moreover, it is the one industry upon which all other industries depend.

During the war the farmer did not get a

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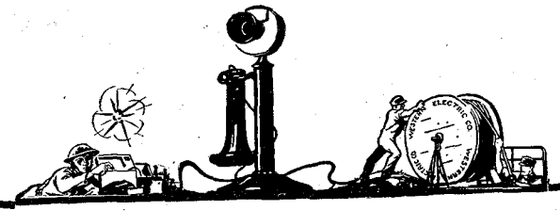
"square deal" in many ways. For example, in 1917 we received for fine, unwashed wool 75 cents per pound, while in 1918, under Government control, we received but 70 cents. But when we went to buy a suit of clothes or a pound of yarn to knit socks for our soldier boy we found that the price had almost doubled in that year. We should have submitted cheerfully had profits been curtailed all around, but as it was, price-fixing worked an injustice to the producer and helped the consumer not at all. In the matter of wheat the price was fixed at what amounted to about $2.10 per bushel in this section, though wheat had previously sold in the open market for well over $3 per bushel. In this case the price was regulated all along the line, and most farmers were willing to stand some loss in order that bread should stay within the reach of all. But labor, farm machinery, fertilizer, twine, mill feed, shoes, clothing, groceries, everything except sugar the farmer had to buy had advanced by leaps and bounds. The farmer and small home owner have always paid an unjust share of taxes. The bonded indebtedness of municipalities, townships, counties, States, and added to this our huge National war debt, have raised taxes on real estate enormously. In our own township (Fairfield, Columbiana County) taxes have *trebled* since 1914. To the writer's mind, the only just tax is an income tax, or a tax on the earning capacity of an investment, whether it be stocks, bonds, money at interest, real estate, or what *not*; but the single-taxers would place it all on land.

In 1919 the producer and consumer were both loud in their demands that the fixed price should be taken off of wheat—the producer because he knew there was no surplus and if let alone the price would advance, the consumer because he was misled to believe that there *was* a surplus, that the Government was doing the farmer a great favor by retaining the fixed price and stood to lose millions of dollars thereby. Thus misunderstanding and ill-feeling all unfounded were created between producer and consumer; and as early as January 2, 1920, wheat had advanced to over $3 in the Minneapolis market. Last fall appropriations were made and investigations started to devise ways and means of lowering the high cost of living. Certain officials promised to go after the profiteers and go after them rough. In one Ohio city a few milk producers who had formed an organization in order to keep on doing business were thrown into jail, the price of hogs that had been fattened on $2 corn was reduced forty per cent to the farmer, and prices of other live stock took a decided drop. In some retail markets the price of meat dropped a few cents to the consumer and in some not at all; the milk producers were acquitted on the grounds that they were not making too much, if enough, on their milk; the big milk distributing companies advanced the price of milk; and that was the way the investigation ended all over the country. The farmer has always sold for what he could get and bought at the other fellow's price. During the war the farmer and his family worked fourteen hours a day and produced to their utmost, because they knew that their country was of infinitely more importance than misguided officials who discriminated against them or laborers in other industries who worked eight hours and struck for more money and shorter hours, while they called the farmer a slacker and profiteer; but since the war is over he feels under no obliga-



Keeping the lines open 1918 1920

Are you running a home, a store, an office building or a factory?

Then perhaps you know how hard it is to get help and to get material for repairs or additions.

Think, then, how much greater are these problems in a business requiring hundreds of thousands of workers and countless items of equipment—a public utility, for instance, like the telephone companies.

They have thousands of exchanges and millions of miles of out-door construction to keep in order.

Their difficulties are increased many-fold over the average business because the engineering, manufacturing and installing of a modern telephone switchboard take at least two years.

In pre-war days, the telephone engineers had a way of looking forward. They undertook to estimate the growth of population and the opening of new streets, so that they might build with the probable needs of the future in mind.

For this expected demand they maintained reserves of plant equipment, which stood them in good stead when the war put a stop to customary building progress.

So while thousands of telephone men were running lines across shell-torn France, you could still call up the candy store and order your Sunday brick of ice cream.

But the Armistice opened the flood-gates to a torrent of new business, wellnigh overwhelming the country's telephone systems, with so many of their people still in service overseas.

That the lines of communication have since been kept continuously open is an achievement but little appreciated by the public.

It was made possible only through the efforts of the host of loyal telephone men and women every bit as faithful to the task as those who kept open the lines in France.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 8 *On the farm or in the metropolis, wherever people look to electricity for the comforts and conveniences of life today, the Western Electric Company offers a service as broad as the functions of electricity itself.*

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"—and then with just a few weeks more of Sanatogen"

ON the road to health at last! And yet how impatient you are to be up and going. But it is now, when the system is trying to rebuild its store of energy, that you will be most grateful for the reconstructive help of Sanatogen.

Sanatogen, you must know, is a *natural* food-tonic, combining purest albumen with organic phosphorus—thus conveying to the wasted system the vital elements to build up blood and tissues—and it is so remarkably easy of digestion that the most delicate—young and old—can take it, with nothing but beneficial effects.

It reawakens the appetite, assists digestion, and as a physician in "The Practitioner," a leading medical journal, says, "It seems to possess a wonderful effect in increasing the nutritive value of other food material."

When we tell you that Sanatogen is used by the medical profession all over the world as an aid to convalescence and as an upbuilder of strength and vitality, that more than 21,000 physicians have written letters commending it, you will understand that our confidence in recommending it to you is firm and sincere.

Won't you give Sanatogen the opportunity to help bring back you—or someone that is near and dear to you—to health and strength?

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere, in sizes from $1.20 up.

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International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

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Sanatogen
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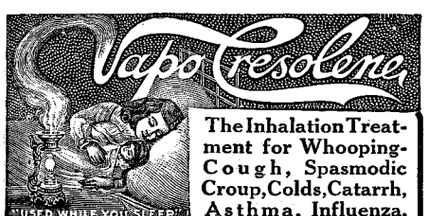

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

Established 1879

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "**No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp.**"

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 31.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

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THE FARMERS' SIDE OF THE CASE
(Continued)

tion to produce food below cost in order that other people may enjoy ease and luxuries which he cannot afford. If his family cannot maintain a standard of living equal to Americans of his intelligence and education in other walks of life, he will quit farming and go into some other business. This accounts for the movement of foreigners, peasants from the south of Europe, to our smaller farms. They are used to a lower standard of living and may produce cheaper food; but will they ever make such citizens as our American farmers have been and are?

Statesmen, so called, have been devising plans for getting cheap food without lowering wages or the cost of manufactured goods. Chief among them has been Secretary Lane's scheme of reclaiming arid deserts, malarial everglades, and cut-over timber lands. All this on the assumption that our returned soldiers wish to farm. We see no evidence of it. Last year farmers tried in vain to give returned soldiers a home and work at comfortable wages. Many of our own farm boys, spoiled by the excitement of Army life and the big wages paid by steel and rubber plants, refused to return to the farm. And all over the East are farms for sale—good farms with good buildings on roads within easy reach of schools, churches, and all the advantages of civilization—at from $60 to $150 per acre. It would cost the Government four times that to buy and reclaim these waste lands, build homes, and surround them with these advantages, without the least assurance that they could produce cheaper food, and with the knowledge that the farms would be from fifteen hundred to three thousand miles from the congested centers in the East. After that we would be confronted by the problem of inducing men to produce cheaper food when they refuse to do it at present prices. The fallacy of the scheme should be apparent to every one familiar with farm problems. It would mean the squandering of vast sums of money, the only beneficiaries being the railways leading to these remote places, a few land companies with big holdings, a small army of Government officials to boss the job, and a floating labor element that is always eager for change and adventure. All the public would get out of it would be increased taxes to pay the increased public debt. Fifty years hence we may need to reclaim this land. What we need now is more men to till the land at present under cultivation. And we must remember that the average American is working for money and goes where he can make the most of it.

Secretary McAdoo also, before he deemed it prudent to step down and out of public life, is credited with having promised the workingman cheap food from the virgin lands of South America by means of our new merchant marine. Such a scheme, if it ever should prove workable, would be the death of our basic industry and a calamity to the Nation.

Recently Samuel Gompers invited the National Grange and other farm organizations to send delegates to a conference called by the American Federation of Labor to consider all the labor problems of the present time. The invitation was politely but firmly declined. The farmer is just beginning to know his strength, and he feels that in politics he must keep a free hand. He has something in common both with labor and capital, and knows it to be

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right that he should hold the balance of power between these two warring factions. He knows it is not so much a case of oppressor and oppressed as of the selfishness of human nature and who has the upper hand. Being the hardest kind of worker himself, he wants labor to have a just share of the wealth it creates; on the other hand, he is a capitalist in a small way, and therefore knows that when labor demands an *unjust* share it kills the goose that lays the golden egg. He abhors oppression, but he believes in the laborer being worthy of his hire. He knows that we cannot have *more* by producing *less*. He has no sympathy or patience with radicals, Reds, Bolsheviki, and the I. W. W. He believes in law and order, in the protection of life and property. More than ever before he is the political dependence of the Nation.

With few exceptions, he is an exemplary citizen. He is rarely a criminal, seldom immoral or intemperate, nor is he called to account for non-support of his family; and on God's earth there is no fitter place to rear a family than on an American farm. And he is leaving it because he feels that he has not an equal chance with other men, and his place is being taken by those who are ignorant and un-American. Can the Nation afford to let this go on? In the language of the ritual of our greatest farm organization: "Agriculture is the first and noblest of all occupations. It is the only one directly instituted by our Creator. . . . It was a command of the Almighty that man should till the ground. History proves that where agriculture has been fostered that nation has prospered and reached a high degree of perfection, but where it has been neglected degeneracy began. Let us heed the warning and escape the doom." And if any one doubts that statement let him read again the story of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, and remember that young America has reached the apex of her greatness with incredible swiftness as compared with ancient Rome.

I had not intended to try your patience with such a lengthy communication, but it seemed impossible to stop sooner, and as it is I have only touched the high spots. Have just read in your last issue The Outlook's programme for the year. There is just one thing lacking. There should be another article, "The Problem of Food Production," by some one of our able agricultural leaders who is familiar with conditions and is himself a practical farmer. We realize that the reason we have not received a square deal is that agriculture is the one big element in our commercial life as yet unorganized. The units already formed are fast congealing, but to effect a compact organization out of such widely scattered and diversified interests of men long used to independent thought and action is a stupendous task. But if we would save our greatest industry for Americans and the Nation from food shortage and its attendant evils we must stabilize food prices at a point that will insure cost of production, upkeep of land fertility, and a margin of interest on investment commensurate with other investments. We do not want this to come about by violence or the hold-up methods recently used by labor unions. The public is not unreasonable when it knows the facts. What we ask is better understanding and co-operation between producer and consumer, the stabilization of markets, the elimination of a lot of middlemen and *all* the profiteers.

MARY CALDWELL.

Leetonia, Ohio.

McCutcheon's

Children's Wear for Spring

Reg. Trade-Mark

Growing children always arrive at the springtime with an acute need for new apparel.

McCutcheon's Wash Dresses all have, beside their practical quality, some distinctive feature.

It is the touch of hand-work that enriches the dresses of English Sateen and Imported Dimity—for girls 2 to 14 years.

And the charm of our dainty frocks from France is the beauty and simplicity of handwork throughout. In Nainsook, Voile and Dotted Swisses—6 months to 14 years.

To complete the Spring Wardrobe—our Tailored Coats and Hats for girls to 10 years.

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HOME FOR SALE

A Small Estate on the Hudson

In the Beautiful George Washington Country

A country place of 10 acres located on the west bank of the Hudson River, one and one-half hours from New York, reached by three railways; two and a half hours by motor, on splendid roads. Condensed description as follows: Brick house, beautifully English in appearance, sets in center of lawn, dotted with variety of magnificent old shade trees; contains all modern improvements; 5 living-rooms, servants' dining-room, 6 large master's bedrooms, 4 baths, 7 servants' bedrooms on third floor; outside laundry, also caretaker's house of brick with 6 rooms; caretaker on place; large brick stables and garage accommodations; also accommodations for horses, cows, and chickens; two driveways into place. House offers full view of river and surrounding mountains; very complete in every way; splendid lawns and vegetable garden. Wonderful opportunity to secure charming country home near New York. Price $35,000, part on mortgage. Must be seen to be appreciated. House beautifully furnished throughout and could be bought furnished complete or in part ready for immediate occupancy, if purchaser so desires. For photographs, particulars, and arrangements for inspection apply to

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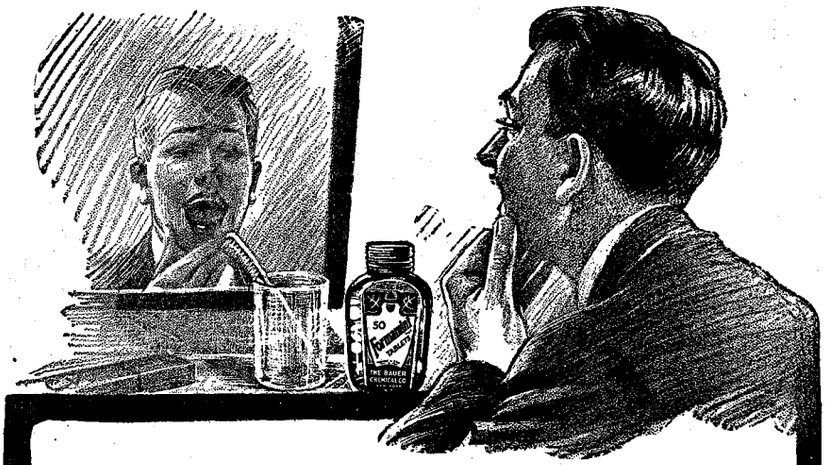

Why you should care for your Throat daily

YOU can now give the same daily attention to your throat as to your teeth; and throat care is even more important than tooth care. The throat is the great breeding place for infectious germs which lodge there when inhaled from the dusty air and often invade the body to cause influenza or other infectious fevers. Sometimes they attack their breeding ground itself and give rise to sore throat or tonsillitis.

Throat specialists, physicians and dentists recommend

Formamint

THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

on account of its simplicity and efficiency.

Formamint is a delicately flavored tablet, which is sucked like candy, setting free a powerful, yet harmless germicide turning the saliva into an antiseptic liquid which bathes the entire living membrane of mouth and throat.

To overcome sore throat and so forestall worse evils—or to prevent it altogether—you should use Formamint regularly. Its use is a pleasure, and the cleanliness produced is a safeguard and a source of personal satisfaction.

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE SAMPLE

It will prove to you that *Formamint* is wonderfully effective as well as pleasant in mouth and throat troubles. Send a 2-cent stamp to pay postage and we will gladly send you this free trial tube.

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For Chapped Hands and Face

Apply a few drops of Hinds Cream and note how quickly you feel its soothing, healing action. Used before and after exposure it keeps the skin always clear, healthy and comfortable.

SAMPLES:—Be sure to enclose amount required but do NOT send foreign money or stamps. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c; trial size 15c.

ATTRACTIVE WEEK-END BOX, 50c.
postpaid. Contains 6 articles for trial, daintily packaged in pink. Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling throughout the world. Mailed postpaid in U. S. A., from laboratory if not easily obtainable.

A. S. HINDS, 257 West Street, Portland, Maine

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

BY THE WAY

The philosopher of the "Typographic Messenger" reports this dialogue:

"What I yearn for," said the discontented printer, "is absolute leisure, a chance to cut loose from ordinary cares and drift with the current."

"That ought to be easy," replied his friend. "It seems your idea of happiness is to get out in a motor boat and have the engine stall."

The descendant of Benjamin Franklin concludes: "This is about the way the happy dreams wind up if a man thinks he can drift with the tide."

Illustrating the indifference to rule, form, or ceremony that has characterized some of Bernard M. Baruch's efficient subordinates, Mark Sullivan says in "Collier's:" "One day the Italian Ambassador came into the office of one of Baruch's subordinates, a man who began life as a Western cowboy. . . . The Italian Ambassador made his entry with the manner that is fitting to Italian Ambassadors. If he was surprised when he was greeted with 'Hello, Sunny Italy! What can we do for Sunny Italy to-day?'—if he was surprised, I say, with that manner of greeting, he was too good an Italian Ambassador to let his surprise be seen. Moreover, he could recognize simple friendliness and good will when he saw it. He asked for some ships. He was told, 'Sure! Anything Italy wants Italy's got to have;' and he got his ships, and got them without red tape, which was the thing he wanted."

When there is a snowfall at Harper's Ferry, says Clifton Johnson in "What to See in America," the path from the jail to the court house, over which John Brown once walked, remains clear, the snow immediately melting as it falls. This phenomenon, he remarks, may be explained by regarding John Brown as a martyred saint, the melting snow a miraculous attestation of the fact. Another explanation, the author dryly observes, may lie in the fact that the pipes which warm the court house run along the path from the jail.

Some children have excellent taste even though their knowledge may be limited. An example is that of the little girl a subscriber tells about, who had just read the funeral oration preached by the Rev. Billy Sunday in Norfolk, Virginia, recently, on the late John Barleycorn. "She asked if Mr. Sunday did not have something against Mr. Barleycorn? I told her that he considered him an enemy, and therefore felt very unfriendly toward him. 'Well,' she said, 'I don't think a preacher should have used those last words he said about him.' I asked her what were they. She remembered well. 'Old John is dead and gone to hell, and there I hope forever may dwell.'"

The traveler who forgets the name of the station he wants a ticket for, just as he reaches the ticket-seller's window after standing in line for ten minutes, is in an embarrassing position. Not everybody can get out of it as successfully as did Dr. Ludlow once in Wales, as described in his recent book, "Along the Friendly Way." The ticket-seller asked the puzzled traveler where he was going. Dr. Ludlow replied, "I don't know. I can neither write nor pronounce the tongue-tangling name of the

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town." "Oh," said the agent, "you must be going to ——." He was right, and the relieved tourist got his ticket.

The Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees and Railway Shop Laborers, the "Railway Age" informs us, has bought four clothing factories at a cost of $1,000,000 as a part of a campaign to reduce the cost of living for members of the brotherhood. It promises to reduce prices from 25 to 60 per cent to patrons.

From "Blighty," of London:

Little Girl (first time in church)—"Uncle, can't I go to the pictures instead of this?"

From "London Opinion:"

Milly (contentedly combing doll)—"Of course she has real hair."

Bobby—"Then why doesn't she cry when it is being brushed?"

From the "World," of London:

"Does the 'Daily Wire' critic praise your big picture in the exhibition, Mr. Wilberforce?"

"I'm not quite sure. He says it's worth the price of admission."

From "Le Pêle-Mêle," of Paris:

Pierrot—"This is funny! Here in the papers there are always the announcements of the death of celebrated persons, but never anything about their birth!"

Marshall Field & Co.'s rules for success:

To do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way; to do some things better than they were ever done before; to eliminate errors; to know both sides of the question; to be courteous; to be an example; to work for the love of the work; to anticipate requirements; to develop resources; to recognize no impediments; to master circumstances; to act from reason rather than rule; to be satisfied with nothing short of perfection

The rules of various individuals for success:

Give your body and soul plenty of sunlight.—Thayer.

Deny self for self's sake.—Franklin.

Put all of your eggs in one basket and watch that basket.—Carnegie.

Employ an hour and a half every other evening in some important and consecutive cultivation of the mind.—Arnold Bennett.

Control yourself. Anger is too valuable to use except on special occasions.—Joseph H. Appel.

Be of good courage; that is the main thing.—Thoreau.

Never tell business lies.—Baron Rothschild.

Now's the only bird lays egg o' gold.—Lowell.

"It cannot be done," cries the man without imagination. "It can be done, it shall be done," cries the dreamer.—Marden.

Work! work! that is my unfailing cure for all troubles.—Lydia Maria Child.

Good, better, best, never let it rest till your "good" is better and your "better" best.—Franklin.

When in doubt, win the trick.—Hoyle.

Talk of nothing but business, and despatch that business quickly.—Aldus.

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise.—Solomon.

If you are engaged in conversation with a fellow-employee when a customer approaches, instantly stop, excuse yourself, and turn to business—*i. e.*, the customer.—Anonymous.

Banks Hold the World Together

IN every important country there is a native commercial bank which serves as a point of contact with world business.

These great international commercial banks have the same standards of financial ethics; their operations are fundamentally the same; they observe the same code of rules, and work together intelligently to coordinate national business customs into an international process for the safe and orderly conduct of world commerce.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York is an associate of the leaders among these international commercial banks, and through them offers to its friends comprehensive aid in matters relating to foreign trade.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

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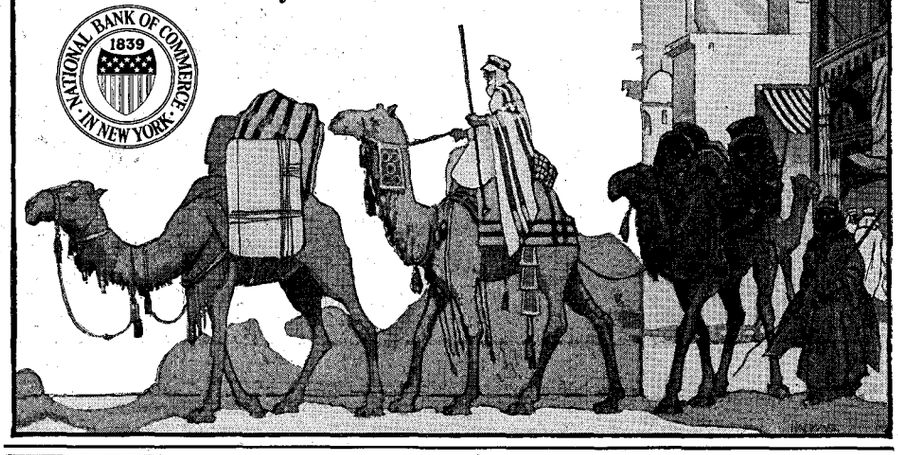

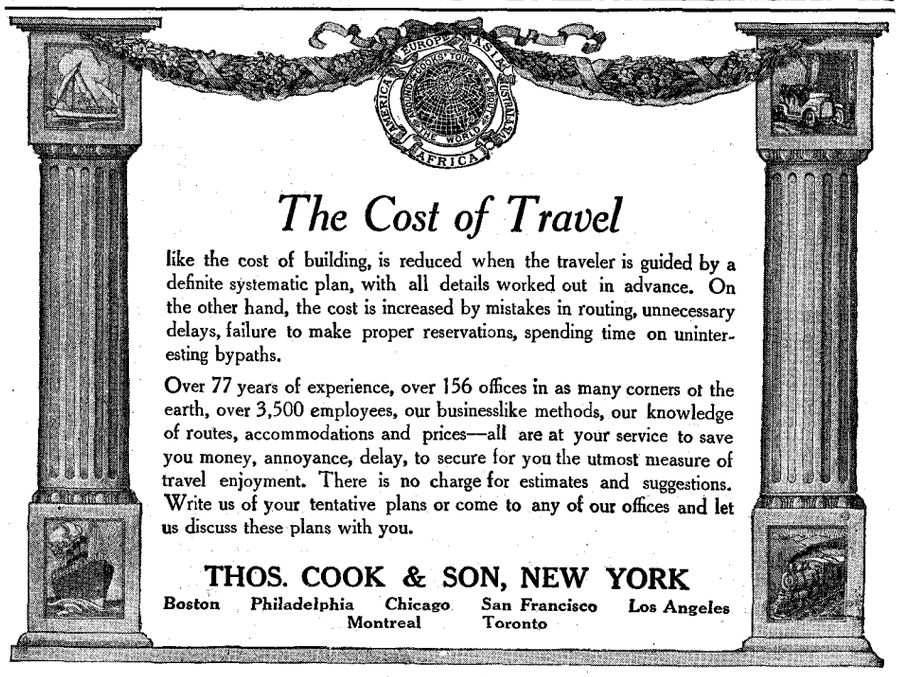

The Cost of Travel

like the cost of building, is reduced when the traveler is guided by a definite systematic plan, with all details worked out in advance. On the other hand, the cost is increased by mistakes in routing, unnecessary delays, failure to make proper reservations, spending time on uninteresting bypaths.

Over 77 years of experience, over 156 offices in as many corners of the earth, over 3,500 employees, our businesslike methods, our knowledge of routes, accommodations and prices—all are at your service to save you money, annoyance, delay, to secure for you the utmost measure of travel enjoyment. There is no charge for estimates and suggestions. Write us of your tentative plans or come to any of our offices and let us discuss these plans with you.

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The Outlook Classified Advertising Section

SPECIAL REAL ESTATE ANNOUNCEMENTS

The issues of March Seventeen and April Twenty-one will also contain a Special Real Estate Section particularly adapted for announcements for the Sale or Rental of Property

ARIZONA

FOR RENT—GOOD RANCH for parties to enjoy themselves on for summer or winter months. Good riding, beautiful scenery, fine climate. W. R. Ladd, Oracle, Ariz.

CONNECTICUT

For Rent for the summer season. Modern tile house, nicely furnished and equipped, among Connecticut's highest hills; near four lakes. Four bedrooms, three baths. Price, $800, includes coal and wood. 4,578. Outlook.

NEW CANAAN, CONN. **For Sale.** Fully developed country place, 35 acres, less than two miles from station. Sound views. Address OWNER, 1,219, Outlook.

To Rent—Sharon, Conn., Litchfield Hills Furnished cottages, by the month or season. $400 to $3,500. All modern conveniences. WILLARD BAKER, Sharon, Conn.

62-Acre Farm
Stamford, Conn.

Will sacrifice for quick sale valuable farm and all year home, with fine view of Sound. Located on beautiful Newfield Road, 10 minutes from station, 50 minutes from New York. Pleasant 11-room house, 3 bathrooms, heat, electricity, artesian well, garage, large barn, farmer's cottage, etc. Write for terms. Mrs. T. S. GRAY, Box 617, Stamford, Conn.

MAINE

FORTUNES ROCK, Biddeford, Maine. 2 summer cottages for rent facing ocean. Eight rooms fully furnished for modern housekeeping. Electric light, city water. Miss Esther W. Smith, Andover, Mass.

BOOTHBAY, ME. 300 acres on Linekins Neck and Little River, near Ocean Point. Open ocean and sheltered boating and bathing. Ideal for summer school. Two miles shore, nearly all wooded. Also shore lots and bungalow at Southport, opposite Squirrel Island. Rent season, $150, furnished. Apply to John H. Blair, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

BRIDGTON, MAINE
COTTAGE and CAMP LOTS FOR SALE or LEASE. Beautiful location on Long Lake. C. H. MACKAY, P. O. Building.

For Sale—Cash Terms. About 1½ Acres
OGUNQUIT, MAINE
NEW HOUSE 1917

On ocean. Three minutes from cable telegraph, hotels, churches, post office, and trolley. Fine golf links near. Twelve rooms, electric lighting, laundry, light cemented cellar with Boynton furnace; three bathrooms, three fireplaces. Possible option on some of new furnishings. Apply M. M. STEVENSON, care Benj. Shaw & Company, Real Estate Agents and Brokers, 453 Congress st., Portland, Maine.

Paris Hill, Me. **Seven Gables For Sale Furnished.** Old New England village, high elevation, country club, water supply like that of Poland Springs a few miles distant. Open sanitary plumbing, hardwood floors throughout. Upper and lower wide piazzas, upper one screened, open wood fireplaces. Terms moderate. M. C. SNOW.

Pemaquid, Me. Cottage for sale, built 1919. Ideal spot, sea, woods. Low cash price. Also cottages to rent. Address E. E. Whitehouse, Pleasant St., Augusta, Me.

SEASHORE ESTATE
FOR SALE

50 acres; beautiful view of Casco Bay; good boating and fishing. Ideal location for colony or summer home. 2 houses, 7 and 10 rooms, 2 stables, hennery. Located 12 miles from Bath, Maine. Accessible by land and water. GEO. L. HARRIS, 39 Free St., So. Portland, Me.

FOR RENT IN MAINE VILLAGE
HOUSE OF FOURTEEN ROOMS in midst of lake and mountain region, on State road between Portland and White Mountains; has bath, hot and cold water, furnace heat, wide piazzas; near store, post office, church, and school; stable connected, also double garage; terms $300 per year. Correspondence solicited. Address 1,279, Outlook.

MAINE

RANGELEY, MAINE
FOR SALE OR LEASE

Estate known as the Gilman Cottage, situated on the shores of the beautiful Rangeley Lake, in the heart of the Rangeley region. House of twenty rooms, gas, aqueduct water, open fireplaces, hardwood floors throughout. Stable, garage, boathouse, icehouse, private dock, tennis court. This property is located within a mile of the well-known Rangeley Lake House with its very fine golf links, tennis courts and Casino. For particulars apply to Mrs. ARTHUR B. GILMAN, 14 Allen St., Bradford, Mass.

FOR SALE or TO LET Charming summer cottage at **Sorrento, Maine.** Built in style of old farmhouse. Four master's bedrooms, two bathrooms, open fireplaces, fully furnished. Swimming, tennis, golf. Price reasonable. Mrs. L. E. ROWE, 281 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

SORRENTO, MAINE TO LET, tiny cottage for family of two, fully furnished; bathroom, open fire, large piazzas, magnificent views, swimming, tennis, golf. Apply to Mrs. L. E. ROWE, 281 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

FOR SALE—Camp for Girls Established 8 years. Equipment for 40 campers. Sleeping porches. Sanitary plumbing. 1,297, Outlook.

MARYLAND

For Sale—House and Grounds in charming village, 3 hours N. Y. Eight rooms, bath, heat, water, electricity, garage, garden, fruit. Mrs. J. S. CLARK, 209 Shepherd St., Chevy Chase, Md.

MASSACHUSETTS

To Let for Season 1920 In beautiful Ashfield, Mass., foothills of the Berkshires, desirable camp, among the pines, fully furnished. Bedroom with connecting bathroom, hot and cold water. Extra cots. Good kitchen. Spacious living room. Large open fireplace. 1,235, Outlook.

Cape Cod, Mass.—For Sale Longnook Beach, Old Truro, Mass., 10 miles south Provincetown, ocean side, near Highland Light. 270 acres, 100 acres oak woods, three-fifths mile sand beach, cliffs 120 ft. high. Eight small furnished cottages, 5 and 6 rooms and bath. Artesian well water, storage tanks, windmill, and gasoline pumps. Opportunity for beautiful seashore estates, golf course, etc. Photos. $25,000. LUTHER C. GREENLEAF, Trustee, 101 Tremont St., Boston, 9.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

FOR SALE
LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

Any part or the whole of a ten acre well wooded tract on most beautiful point with wonderful view. Eleven hundred feet of shore line. Inquire of WILLIAM F. RICHARDS, Newport, N. H.

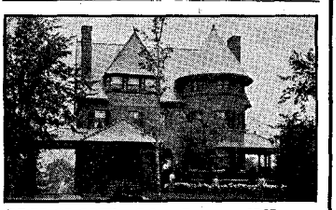
LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H. Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. SARGENT & Co., New London, N. H. *Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate*

FOR SALE
Sabattus Heights Farm
Merrimack Co., New Hampshire

Commands a wide view of mountain and valley from the hilltop where Chief Sabattus lighted fires to summon his braves. 225 acres, well watered pastures and woodlands, timber, apple orchard in its prime, maple orchard with outfit for syrup making. Interesting house of 12 rooms, large, well-ventilated barn with silo. Good crops hay, oats, corn. Improved roads, school near, 7 miles to railway station, 14 miles to Concord, 80 to Boston. For information address M. H. LARGE, Loudon, N. H., R. F. D. Box 63.

SUGAR HILL, New Hampshire. Attractive Bungalow, 8 rooms and bath, furnished, beautifully located, **White Mountains.** For rent or sale. Wm. E. Satchell, Owner, 162 Gates Av., Brooklyn, N.Y.

NEW JERSEY

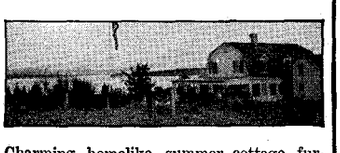


SUMMIT, N. J. 87 New England Ave. **$50,000 Suburban Residence FOR SALE.** Lot 150 x 400 ft. 13 rooms, 3 baths, basement and attic. For circular apply W. H. GRANT, 156 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

FOR SALE Hackettstown, N. J. Colonial House, 11 rooms, bath, heat, electricity, porches, large lot, fruits. C. C. I. opposite. Write Owner, 411 Church St.

NEW YORK

On the Adirondack Shore of Lake Champlain
FOR SALE OR RENT



Charming, homelike, summer cottage, furnished, adjoining the Crater Club, Essex-on-Lake Champlain, N. Y., where the Adirondacks meet the lake. Living and dining-rooms, pantry, six master's bedrooms, two baths; detached kitchen and servants' quarters. Large stone fireplace. Broad verandas with thirty-mile view of lake and Green Mountains. Five acres; tree-shaded shore front. Sale price $10,000. Rental for season $600. **Kenneth Mygatt, 27 Pine St., New York City.** Telephone John 5927.

Elizabethtown in Adirondacks Furnished cottage to rent for summer season. Four living rooms, fireplace, four bedrooms and bath. Electric light and furnace. Hot and cold water. Eight miles from Westport, N. Y. $400 for season. Harry M. MacDougal, Elizabethtown, N. Y.

Amagansett, N. Y. Summer cottages, furnished and unfurnished, for rent or sale. Ocean front building sites, farms, acreages for sale. Hotel fully furnished, beautiful location, in full view of ocean, for sale. W. M. TERRY, Amagansett, N. Y. Phone 20.

FOR SALE—CATSKILLS
Birch Brook Valley, Pine Hill, New York
Summer home of the late Chancellor MacCracken. Elevation 1,700 ft. 85 acres. 14-room house, 6-room cottage, large barn. Two unfailing springs of pure water. Trout brook. Price $8,000. Address JOHN H. MACCRACKEN, Easton, Pa.

SACRIFICE to SETTLE ESTATE. Windham Park Place, Catskills. 35 acres. Boarding House, 15 bedrooms. $6,000. Easy terms. Wheeler & Mabey, Sidney, N. Y.

FOR SALE at Onteora-in-the-Catskills 2,600 ft., shingle cottage, fully furnished, 10 rooms, 3 baths, unsurpassed view. $15,000, includes studio and extra acreage. Apply Mrs. Carroll Beckwith, 42 E. 78th St., N. Y. City.

Suburban Homes On the south shore of Long Island and **The Great South Bay** offer advantages **for Sale and to Rent Furnished.** Write TERRY & BREWSTER, Bay Shore, L. I.

NEW YORK

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FOR RENT
Furnished Summer Home

All improvements; electricity; **sure to please you;** 3 months, $500; fine boating and fishing. Particulars of W. D. STOWER, 123 Chestnut St., Rochester, N. Y.

Lake Champlain at Essex, N. Y. FOR RENT by **season** or **week** furnished cottages and houses. Address Edw. S. Anson, Orlando, Fla.

96 acre	Farm	$4,500
100 "	Village Farm	6,500
130 "	General Farm	14,000
75 acres,	3,000 fruit trees	15,000

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Beautifully wooded 3 acre Island. Attractive furnished cottage, newly remodeled for owner's use, 11 large rooms, 2 fireplaces, 2 toilets, laundry, bath, etc. Large piazza, fine view. mile and half from Alexandria Bay. Ideal for family or Summer Camp. $600 for season. Address Owner, 1,257, Outlook.

For Sale or Rent at the 1,000 Islands Ideal farms, beautiful summer homes, shady, timbered points and unimproved islands. Prices right. JOHN O'LEARY, Clayton, N. Y.

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SUMMER CAMP FOR RENT. Five cottages, running water, toilets and lavatories, furnished. Prudence Island is seashore and country combined, located the middle of Narragansett Bay, 9 miles long, contains 40,000 acres, within 6 hours from New York City. Rental price $1,000. Address Mr. J. D. SAWYER, 16 Warren Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.

FOR RENT, South Coast, Rhode Island. Two Modern Furnished Cottages, five miles East Watch Hill. Sanitary conditions. Surf, still bathing, fine ocean view, boating, fishing. Garage space, chauffeur's room, telephone. Photographs. Address Sidney M. Gladwin, Hartford, Conn., P. O. Box 947.

VERMONT

For Sale, Dorset, Vt. Summer Cottage, "Cloverlea." 7 rooms, bath, sleeping porch, open fireplace, gardens. Also smaller bungalows. Photos. Picturesque village, pleasant colony, golf, library, church. E. Carhart, Dorset, Vt.

WASHINGTON

Apple Orchards now bearing are producing good profits for their owners in the White Salmon Valley, Wash.

This valley is rich in natural resources, has a delightful, temperate climate, wonderful scenery, rail and water transportation, and raises the very finest fruit under ideal living conditions. What better move could one make in these trying times than to become a producer amid pleasant surroundings, in a new, rapidly developing country where opportunity awaits and will award both your labor and your investment? If looking for investments in a land promising wonderful development in the next few years, write to **Paul McKercher, White Salmon, Wash.,** who can show you a number of good investments in orchards, farms, and timber lands.

APPLE ORCHARD Of 35 Acres which produced over thirteen thousand boxes packed apples this season **FOR SALE,** including modern bungalow, foreman's house, tractor and all machinery and equipment, land heavily fertilized, 2 miles to rail and boat lines. Paul McKercher, White Salmon, Wash.

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European Tour. A personally conducted trip. Sail June 19. Visit England, France, Switzerland and the Pyrenees and return September first. Travel will be by express trains and automobiles. Small party, the seventh conducted by Miss Anna S. White, of Saint Margaret's School, Waterbury. References given and required. For itinerary and further particulars address Miss Anna S. White, 178 Hillside Ave., Waterbury, Conn.

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A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

Brick Church PRIVATE HOME
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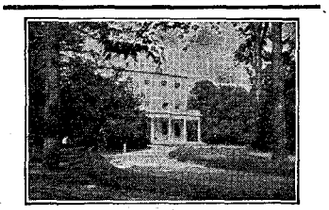
Health Resorts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BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN HOME of **Trained Nurse** in the **Oranges.** Cares for few feeble minded children, also mild epileptics. Best care given. 4,636, Outlook.

THE BETHESDA White Plains, N. Y.
A sanitarium for the invalid, the convalescent, and the aged. Address for terms
ALICE GATES BUGBEE, M.D. Tel. 241.

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WANTED—Graduate nurse for service in connection with medical work and small hospital in mountains of western North Carolina. Address George H. Packard, M.D., White Rock, N. C.

Business Situations

RAILWAY traffic inspector, $110 a month to start and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three *months' home study. Situation* arranged. Prepare for permanent position. Write for booklet CM27 Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

WRITE photoplays: $25–$300 paid anyone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary; complete outline free. Producers League, 438, St. Louis.

EARN $25 weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 614, St. Louis, Mo.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

CAPABLE young Protestant woman to assist mother. Two children, aged three and five years. To reply send details and references. 7,799, Outlook.

WANTED—Lady of refinement at once as working housekeeper, four in family. No heavy work. $60. Gale, 304 West 82d St.

WANTED—Housemother. Refined woman to assist mother in care of two children, 10 and 8, who are in school part of each day, and do sewing. Write giving references and salary expected. Mrs. Hiram C. Todd, 46 Circular St., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

WANTED, at Rye, New York, nursery governess, woman of education and refinement, to supervise children, age, two, five, and eight. Highest references required. Write, stating age, qualifications, experience, and give references. *8,003, Outlook.*

WANTED, by family of two, some one for work, except washing and furnace, of small modern house near New York. Sunny room with private bath. Weekly ten dollars and one entire day free with, if desired, ticket to city. Address Mrs. Gaylord, Box 634, Englewood, N. J.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WIDOWER with four children, boy thirteen, girl ten, boy five, girl two, wants woman for housekeeper and to care for children from now until June 15. State qualifications and salary expected. References exchanged. 8,007, Outlook.

WANTED, by March 20, experienced nurse for three children, three, five, and seven years. Two older in school mornings. Thorough understanding physical care and training of young children required. Must be physically strong and have cheerful disposition. References required. Wages $75 month. 8,012, Outlook.

WANTED, in girls' school near New York for coming school year, experienced housekeeper between ages of thirty and forty-five. Must buy supplies, manage help, cater, and keep accounts. Write, stating age, qualifications, experience, and giving references. 7,770, Outlook.

MOTHER'S HELPER WANTED. Christian family, small city 1½ hours from New York, wants refined woman to act as nurse or mother's helper. Real home for the right person. 7,789, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED — Teachers VOICE, PIANO, VIOLIN. Good vacancies already coming in. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

TEACHERS WANTED.—Men and women needed for attractive September openings, for all departments of high schools and colleges. Desirable salaries. Address The Interstate Teachers' Agency, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

TEACHER.—Resident, preferably teaching headmaster, for junior boarding school near New York City. State full qualifications and salary. Answers treated confidential. 8,011, Outlook.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

WANTED—College graduate to tutor in, and take charge of, small boys' Winter Camp in Maine. Competent, versatile man will have opportunity to develop fine position. S. R. Hooper, Kineo, Me.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER open for position paying two hundred dollars month. Educated, refined, competent, energetic, business ability, perfect health. Highest references. Box 422, Athens, Ga.

WANTED—Young woman to act as pastor's assistant in Italian Congregational Church. Italian or one who speaks the language desired. For further information address Mrs. Wm. Horace Day, 464 Park Place, Bridgeport, Conn.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GENTLEWOMAN with experience wishing to go to California will accompany or chaperon party for her expenses across continent. References exchanged. 7,798, Outlook.

COMPANION, by middle-aged gentlewoman. Experienced. References. "Companion," 43 Sherman St., Hartford, Conn.

WOMAN, cultured and refined, desires position in Milwaukee, Wis., as companion, housekeeper, mother's helper, or any position of trust, or would take one or two children in own home in town fifty miles from Milwaukee. Best references given. 8,006, Outlook.

LADY of culture and refinement wishes position as traveling companion. Has traveled extensively through United States and European countries. Could assume full charge of all arrangements. 8,008, Outlook.

LADY going to England end of June, returning late August, would accompany child or older person for part of traveling expenses either way. References. Experienced traveler. 8,010, Outlook.

WOMAN desires position as ladies' companion, mother's helper, or to chaperon young girls. All or part time. Willing to travel. 8,013, Outlook.

CULTURED, competent young woman will conduct and chaperon party of young girls during Easter vacation. 7,772, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged woman, experienced housekeeper and matron, desires position requiring energetic and reliable service. References given and requested. 7,775, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER, experienced with young children and pupils preparing for college—also governess in large establishment—offers her services. Excellent references. 7,797, Outlook.

COMPANION tutor desires travel, June-October. College graduate; French, German, Italian; extensive European residence. 8,000, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher desires private case work. Nervous or backward child. References. 7,785, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

WANTED—Young women to take nine months' course in nursing. Frances Parker Memorial Home, New Brunswick, N. J.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send anything on approval. Services free. References required. 309 West 99th St.

WANTED—Young women to enter Training School for Nurses. One year high school requirement; affiliating one year with Harlem Hospital, New York. Apply to Superintendent of Training School for Nurses, Friends Hospital, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

READER.—One dollar an hour. French or English. Reference. 7,776, Outlook.

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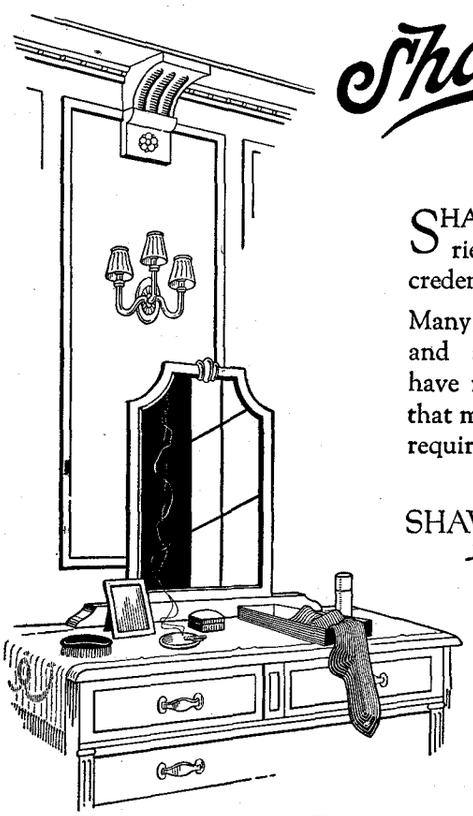

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A GOOD EXAMPLE

In your issue of December 1 I read with interest an editorial on the efforts of the Worcester Art Museum to train children in art appreciation. Such work should surely be encouraged, and I am writing you this letter because of a similar work that has been carried on for some time in this community.

We have in our own high school (in Richmond, Indiana) an art gallery, consisting of three large rooms built expressly for that purpose, lighted, ventilated, and heated, not as class-rooms, but as an art gallery. For over twenty years the Richmond Art Association, in co-operation with the public schools, has held regular art exhibits. We have been accumulating a permanent exhibit, buying a picture or two each year, so that one of the rooms is completely filled with our own pictures. The other two rooms are utilized by visiting exhibits, the plan being to have one each month.

The school-children make visits to the gallery each month as part of their regular art work. An attempt is being made to give the children definite and systematic training in what is good art. Each visit is carefully planned beforehand. The children acquire some information about the pictures at the gallery that answers certain questions, discuss the pictures, etc. We try to send them to the gallery with questions about the pictures, the answers to which they can find in the study of the pictures. We are keeping careful records of their likes and interests, so that in time we may, if possible, discover how children learn to appreciate pictures.

During the month of December, owing to the fuel shortage, it became impossible to take the children to the gallery at the regular time. The unexpected lifting of the fuel ban made it possible to invite the children to come to the gallery outside school hours. At least fifty per cent of the children of the city came. As they came freely and "on their own time," this response seemed to us very encouraging from the standpoint of the children's interest.

The co-operation between the schools and an art museum that has existed here for over twenty years seems to us an ideal way in which to bring to the children and to the community at large a love for and an appreciation of good art.

J. H. BENTLEY,
Superintendent Public Schools.
Richmond, Indiana.

IN HONOR OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

You may be interested to know that the Normal Training High School of the Kansas State Normal School has changed its name to the Roosevelt High School in honor of Theodore Roosevelt. This action was taken by the students and faculty of the high school. The reason for it is that our course of study which has recently been put in operation is based on citizenship and Americanism. In this course we require three years of English, two years of history, and one year in studying the problems of democracy. The remainder of the course is devoted to vocational and avocational groups from which the student may select the work which he desires.

The article on the Roosevelt American League inspired me to give you this information.

MAUDE E. MINROW,
Principal of the Roosevelt High School, Senior Division.
Emporia, Kansas.

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NEW YORK LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

(Incorporated under the laws of the State of New York)

346 & 348 Broadway - - - New York, N. Y.

TO THE POLICY-HOLDERS:

Life Insurance has suddenly taken on a new importance. Everybody wants it.

This indicates that the public has begun to understand the economic value of the principle on which life insurance rests, and it also demonstrates the high regard in which our life companies are held.

THE YEAR 1919

For the New York Life 1919 was in many respects the greatest year in its history.

Our new business ($531,000,000) exceeded the new business in any previous year by nearly $200,000,000. Our new business was written exclusively on the lives of individuals who made application to the Company and does not include any so-called Group insurance.

Our Mortality returned to normal figures, after the heavy mortality from influenza in 1918, which extended through the first four months of 1919.

The Russian Soviet Government by decree made life insurance a government monopoly in Russia and proceeded to liquidate the business of all life insurance companies, both domestic and foreign. Having by this decree assumed our liabilities, the government took possession of our property in Russia, including our investments which were chiefly railroad bonds guaranteed by the Russian Government, and purchased with moneys accumulated from premiums paid by Russian policy-holders.

With the concurrence of the Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, approved by the Convention of Insurance Commissioners of the various States, we have eliminated both Russian assets and Russian liabilities from our statement for the year 1919.

There are no material complications elsewhere in our foreign business.

The decrease in assets at the end of 1919, by comparison with assets at the close of 1918, is due to the elimination of the Russian business and to the fact that in the assets at the close of 1918 there were about $22,000,000 which we had borrowed to purchase Liberty Bonds.

Taking account of these items, the assets in 1919 made a normal increase.

Safety funds increased during the year over $5,000,000.

On December 31 our investments in Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes exceeded $100,000,000.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President

Balance Sheet, January 1, 1920

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Real Estate	$9,070,481.00	Policy Reserve	$757,098,302.00
Loans on Mortgages	159,869,677.31	Other Policy Liabilities	24,398,333.52
Loans on Policies	145,185,934.77	Premiums, Interest and Rentals prepaid	4,360,124.68
Loans on Collateral	159,000.00	Taxes, Salaries, Rentals, Accounts, etc	4,991,560.94
Liberty Bonds and Victory Notes	100,605,626.80	Additional Reserves	6,072,091.44
Government, State, County and Municipal Bonds	147,363,654.60	Dividends payable in 1920	32,045,775.56
Railroad Bonds	344,053,661.96	Reserve for Deferred Dividends	88,157,964.00
Miscellaneous Bonds and Stock	8,339,274.69	Reserves, special or surplus funds not included above	43,897,967.91
Cash	20,501,542.64		
Uncollected and Deferred Premiums	13,993,352.96		
Interest and Rents due and accrued	11,849,389.88		
Premiums reported to War Risk Insurance Bureau under Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act	30,523.44		
Total	$961,022,120.05	Total	$961,022.120.05

Paid Policy-holders during the year 1919 - - - - - $116,174,621.00

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A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day

WHEN my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house, I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a one-hundred-and-fifty per cent. increase in salary. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening things began to drag a bit, as they often do at parties. Finally some one suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to Macdonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that reminded one of the old saying that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "stunt" which he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded securely to prove there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. Macdonald then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

Then Macdonald asked that a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. This was done. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. And then, to further amaze us, he gave us the number of any card counting from the top, or the card for any number.

You may well imagine our amazement at Macdonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on the stage, and even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view of everyone, blindfolded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing, to say the least.

* * * * * * * *

ON THE way home that night I asked Macdonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it—simply a memory feat, the key to which anyone could easily learn in one evening. Then he told me that the reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done, and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

What Macdonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory and it was but a question of days before I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory feat," as my friends called it, surely made a hit. Every one was talking about it, and I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If anyone were to ask me how quickly to develop social popularity, I would tell him to learn my memory "feat"—but that is apart from what I want to tell you.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. Much to my surprise I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, keener. I felt that I was fast acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in men who were spoken of as "wonders" and "geniuses."

The next thing I noticed was a marked improvement in my conversational powers. Formerly my talk was halting and disconnected. I never could think of things to say until the conversation was over. And then, when it was too late, I would always think of apt and striking things I "might have said." But now I can think like a flash. When I am talking I never have to hesitate for the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say. It seems that all I have to do is to start to talk and instantly I find myself saying the very thing I want to say to make the greatest impression on people.

It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember things and to say the right thing at the right time attracted the attention of our president. He got in the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he expressed himself to me, "You can always tell me instantly what I want to know, while the other fellows annoy me by dodging out of the office and saying 'I'll look it up.'"

* * * * * * * *

I FOUND that my ability to remember helped me wonderfully in dealing with other people, particularly in committee meetings. When a discussion opens up the man who can back up his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures usually dominates the others. Time and time again I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. While I'm proud of my triumphs in this respect, I often feel sorry for the ill-at-ease look of the other men who cannot hold up their end in the argument because they cannot recall facts instantly. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every fact I now put in my mind is as clear and as easy to recall instantly as though it were written before me in plain black and white.

We all hear a lot about the importance of sound judgment. People who ought to know say that a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment until he is forty to fifty years of age. But I have disproved all that. I have found that sound judgment is nothing more than the ability to weigh and judge facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two, but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is all due to the way I trained my memory.

* * * * * * * *

THESE are only a few of the hundreds of ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer the humiliation of meeting men I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man his name flashes to my mind, together with a string of facts about him. I always liked to read, but usually forgot most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

My vocabulary, too, has increased wonderfully. Whenever I see a striking word or expression, I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put a remarkable sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. And the remarkable part of it all is that I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort, simply because my mind works like a flash and I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

All this is extremely satisfying to me, of course. But the best part of it all is that since my memory power first attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily been increased. Today it is many times greater than it was the day Macdonald got me interested in improving my memory.

* * * * * * * *

WHAT Macdonald told me that eventful evening was this: "Get the Roth Memory Course." I did. That is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. The publishers of the Roth Memory Course—The Independent Corporation—are so confident that it will also show you how to develop a remarkable memory that they will gladly send the Course to you on approval.

You need not pay a single penny until you have examined the Course and found that it fully lives up to all the claims made for it. Send no money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete Course will be sent to you instantly, all charges prepaid. If after examination you decide that you do not want to keep the Course, then return it and you will owe nothing. On the other hand, if you find, as thousands of others have found, that the Roth Memory Course will do wonders for you, then merely send five dollars in full payment.

You have always wanted a good memory. Now you can have it. Remember, you pay no money until you have proved that the Course will benefit you. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by taking immediate action. So mail the coupon NOW before this liberal offer is withdrawn.

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Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the Course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5 in full payment of the Course.

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